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If I might give a short hint to an impartial writer it would be to tell him his fate. If he resolves to venture upon the dangerous precipice of telling unbiassed truth, let him proclaim war with mankind—neither to give nor to take quarter. If he tells the crimes of great men, they fall upon him with the iron hands of the law; if he tells them of virtues, when they have any, then the mob attacks him with slander. But if he regards truth, let him expect martyrdom on both sides, and then he may go on fearless.—De Foe.

POLITICAL AND SOCIAL.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

We hear that Prince Gortchakoff is preparing a note directing attention to the anomalous position Egypt has assumed since the commencement of hostilities. He will therein point out that although the Russian Government were prepared to ignore the co-operation of Egyptian forces with the Sultan's army, as far as that co-operation depended on the *force majeure* which the Sultan is able to exercise upon his vassal, still the Russian Government cannot regard with equanimity the offers of the Khedive to supply 20,000 men at his own expense, nor any longer shut their eyes to the fact that large supplies, both of money and arms, proceed from Alexandria to Constantinople. In short, the whole of the note, so far as we are able to understand it, insinuates that the state of the Egyptian finances is such that the Khedive would be unable to pursue this course of action without assistance. Our informant adds that there is a deeply-rooted conviction in the minds of the Russian statesmen that the idea of the annexation of Egypt in case British interests should demand it is only being made use of by Lord Beaconsfield to support the Turks *viâ* Cairo; and that the most he intends is to pursue the traditional policy of his ancestors, and reduce the interest of England in Egypt to the safer proportions of a commercial question.

"Diplomacy on crutches" will probably be the phrase by which the future historian will characterise the statesmanship of the present day. Scarcely have we been relieved of our anxiety concerning Prince Bismarck's insomnia, General Ignatieff's unfortunate eye, and Midhat Pasha's unknown malady, when we are called upon to extend our sympathy to M. Cogalniceano, whose journey to Vienna is announced as being caused by his desire to consult some of the Vienna doctors, and in no measure by political considerations.

The *Pesther Lloyd*, declaring that there is no intention of recalling Count Beust, as has of late been rumoured in London and Paris, proceeds to state that the report originated in a certain quarter which seems especially to single out Count Beust for the object of its attentions. Several Vienna papers write in the same strain. It is, however, imagined in some circles in London, that this is another instance of dualism; and that assailant and victim, *duo quoque, enim unum faciunt.* The authorities on diplomatic etiquette are also much exercised by the question as to whether it is quite the right thing for one ambassador to call twice upon another when he is out of town for six weeks. *N'en déplaise*, the officious journals of Pesth and Vienna, we will point out that for any time during the last five years there has always been a rumour that Count Beust was about to leave London.

Whilst the Press and diplomatic circles in Germany are unanimously of opinion that Austria cannot much longer delay declaring her Oriental policy, they lose no opportunity of expressing their conviction that a Russo-German alliance against Austria is as unimaginable as an Austro-Russian alliance against Turkey. At the same time they insist that however desirable an Anglo-Austrian alliance may be, an Anglo-French and Austrian alliance, though only directed against Russia, would at once unite Prussia and Russia. But if the Austrians are not to enter into alliance with Russia against Turkey, how about the stability of the Imperial Alliance? And how about the reported understanding between Austria and Turkey relative to the occupation of Bosnia. Is Turkey to be admitted to the Imperial conclave?

The date of the elections in France is not yet officially known. It is, however, considered most probable that the electoral colleges will meet in the first or second week of September. That is the earliest probable date. As four weeks must elapse between the issuing of the writs and the taking of the vote, the holding of the elections in September would necessitate the issuing of the writs in August, which leaves the Ministry with about four weeks from now for arranging among themselves about the candidates, and continuing their pressure upon the constituencies. They will not find the interval a day too long. Their internal differences are considerable. In a very large proportion of the constituencies, the official candidate has not yet been designated; extreme Bonapartists, moderate Bonapartists, Orleanists, and Legitimists contending eagerly for the patronage of the Government. The Government have to choose between these rival pretensions—no easy task for the dog-days. The Ministers burdened with such a task might well be pitied if they had not taken it upon themselves. It is absolutely necessary that their choice be made before the issue of the decree of the Marshal by which the electors are convoked. They cannot afford to be less united than their adversaries the Republicans, who are already in fighting order, with their candidates fixed for almost every constituency.

The Bonapartists in the French Ministry would very gladly have the elections deferred beyond September, if not to the Greek Kalends. M. de Fourtou wants more than a month for completing that web of prohibitions, circulars, prefectoral changes, and so forth, in which he hopes to enmesh universal suffrage and hold it captive. That work is already fairly well advanced, but M. de

Fourton would prefer to have two, or even three, months longer to perfect it, if he could. It is even believed that he would willingly give ear to the suggestions of the violent Bonapartist journals which urge him to a spirited policy. Very outspoken some of these journals are. For example, the *Pays* says:—"If the elections are held in September, the game may be regarded as lost. At that time of the year it is very difficult to assemble the peasants, and our propaganda will thus become impossible. Nor has Government yet done all that is necessary in the way of the removal of functionaries. The prefects and sub-prefects have been changed; but what about the Radical justices of the peace? What about the Radical field-guards and local officers connected with the construction of highroads? What about the postal and railway *employés* who are known by their revolutionary zeal? They are still at their posts. They have not been touched. And under such circumstances, would Government make the bold experiment of elections in September?" Even October seems to the *Pays* to be too early a term. The same paper has advised Government to "suspend the action of the law by a decree," and to "place a gensdarme before the Hall of Assembly of every General Council; then the thing is done." Done, indeed.

M. de Fourtou, fortunately, cannot have everything his own way in the Cabinet. The Duc de Broglie will not go all lengths with him; although he was once "the *protégé* of the Empire," he has no wish now to be its dupe. The progress made by the Bonapartists in the provinces has not been lost upon him, and he is alarmed at the extent of their aims. Another obstacle to M. de Fourtou is the Duc Decazes, Minister of Foreign and Orleanist Affairs, who feels that at home the Imperialists are becoming dangerous, and that abroad Diplomatists can have little authority unless they represent a power firmly established with the free consent of the nation. These two Ministers have found an ally in an unexpected quarter. General Berthaut, the Minister of War, has pointed out that the grand manœuvres cannot take place in July on account of the harvest and the heat, nor in October on account of the vintage. On the other hand, it is necessary that the Réservistes should be at home while the elections are held. This being so, the elections must be held before the Réservistes are called out, that is, before the middle of September. M. de Fourtou, if he had had his way, would have solved the difficulty by deciding that this year the soldiers of the Reserve should remain in the bosom of their families. The Government without doubt would have gained some popularity by this arrangement among the married men who are not fascinated by the honour of wearing uniform for twenty-eight days. Further it would have enabled them to effect certain economies, and to use the surplus for their electoral machinations. But unhappily for the scheme, General Berthaut would not sacrifice the interest of the army to the chances of political success, and with the help of his two colleagues, and also it is said of M. Paris, he has prevailed against M. de Fourtou. We may expect therefore that the writs will be issued in about a month from this time.

We learn that several prefects in the south of France have ordered the Masonic lodges in their departments to be closed, alleging them to be "hotbeds of Radical conspiracies." It is even asserted that a list of all Masonic lodges, with the names of their members, is at present being prepared by Government agents, with a view to a general measure of police interference, wherever this seems desirable in the MacMahon interest. Perhaps the best thing that could be done for the Republican cause would be such a measure. Hence it may be doubted whether it will really be taken. Even under the Second Empire, it was not deemed advisable to go beyond the appointment, through Government influence, of a Grand Master favourable and acceptable to the *régime* of December 2.

The Indian cotton-tariff abolitionists have not fully explained in what sense its maintenance constitutes Protection. It seems to be taken for granted that the 900,000*l.* derived by the Indian Government from the duty are protective. The fact is, however, that the description applies, and only in a limited sense, to about one-twentieth part of that sum—that is, to the proportion levied on coarse goods. The Indian millowners have not yet succeeded in manufacturing goods of the finer class, which almost wholly absorbs the English cotton-trade with India; there is no rivalry between them and the Lancashire masters; there is, therefore, no Protection. But it is by no means clear that even the coarse goods tariff is protective. It might have been so in the early days of native Indian manufacture. But the native millowners have been perfecting their raw material, and their methods of spinning and weaving, for twenty years. The consequence is, that with their advantages of local markets, cheap labour, and indigenous cultivation of the raw material, they are nowadays quite able to out-rival Lancashire, even without the assistance of the so-called protective duties. It is a notorious fact that India is not only getting ahead of us in her own markets for the cheaper fabrics, but gaining upon us in the competition for the general custom of the East. It is no doubt possible that a native manufacture in fine goods may grow up under the shelter of the 5 per cent. duty, so that a tariff originally imposed for purposes of revenue may virtually become protective. But the contingency is, at present, remote. In fact, no amount of discussion over this wearisome question can shake the position assumed by Mr. Fawcett in Tuesday's debate on Mr. Birley's motion. It is not an abstract question, he said, of political economy, but a political and social question as well. India has added eight millions to her debt, without adding a penny to her taxation. If 900,000*l.* of revenue are to be surrendered now, how is the annual charge on that large debt to be paid? Granted that the import duties are an evil, their abolition at the present time would constitute a still greater evil. The utmost that any statesman can promise is to abolish them as soon as the condition of Indian finance will permit.

According to the Sydney correspondent of the *Times*, the prospects of Australian federation have become more remote than ever. The colonies cannot attempt the experiment on the basis of a common tariff, for the triumph of Protection over Free Trade in the leading colony of Victoria has been signalised by the return to power of Sir James MacCulloch's opponent, Mr. Berry. The *Times* itself suggests that federation might be brought about by "an abandonment of Free Trade in the non-Victorian colonies." But surely this ignores the fact that even non-Victorian colonies may have the courage of their opinions; and that the leading colony of the group—namely, New South Wales—aspires to, and actually seems as if she would win, the first place on the Australian continent. Neither the Australian papers, nor the letters of English correspondents, give the faintest ground for the idea that New South Wales may possibly abandon her Free Trade principles. But why should the Federalists wait until Victoria has tested her protective doctrines, and—like other Powers greater than, and at least as wise as, she—suffered the natural consequences? The defence question, which all the Australians are now discussing in serious earnest, offers a good opportunity for concerted action. Queensland, again, as the *Times* correspondent writes, has a grievance which affects each of her sister colonies. The Queensland Government protests against the Imperial disallowance of an Act that "it passed for imposing a special licence fee on the Chinese diggers who were swarming to the gold-fields." It has even forwarded a circular to each of the Australian Premiers on the subject. They also may unite on the subject of a common telegraph, or postal, or railway, system. They only want the thin end of the wedge.

The Conservative organisations are bestirring them-

selves. On Wednesday evening 300 gentlemen, members or friends of the West Kent Conservative Registration Society, dined together in the Ship Hotel, Greenwich. The Tories of the Tower Hamlets have also had their annual glorification. The National Union of Conservative Associations has held its tenth annual meeting, at Southsea—eighty delegates being present. *Per contra*, the Birmingham Federalists have had their first meeting. In Southwark, a Radical Association has just been formed; and its efforts will be specially directed towards securing the return of Parliamentary members "for their intelligence and ability, irrespective of their social position." At the end of the present month, or the beginning of August, Lord Granville will open a new Liberal Association at Bradford.

Yet another example of our confirmed habit of letting abuses go on till the disease comes to a head in some sensational incident. It has long been said that blue coats and yellow breeches were not the only relics of the past in Christ's Hospital, and that the barbarities all but disused in our great public schools continued to flourish there, but such tales might have been repeated for a long time without attracting much notice but for the suicide of a boy of twelve, who had given due warning of his intention to make away with his little life rather than suffer what he considered to be ill-treatment. Perhaps Mr. Cross as an official has no choice but to demur to the assumption of Mr. Serjeant Sherlock that "cruelty had been inflicted on the boy," and to protest that "no proof of that had appeared," and that it was "entirely an assumption." But for persons more free to form and express an opinion, it certainly is an assumption that has a good many facts in its favour, in spite of Major Brackenbury's statement that corporal punishment by the monitors "is not allowed." The boy must have been of a very "peculiar temperament" indeed if he ran away three times from school, confiding to his sisters the first time that he had been so badly treated that his life was intolerable, and declaring to his father the third time that he would hang himself if he were taken back, and if all the while his ill-treatment existed only in a prematurely sensitive imagination. All things are possible, but it is to be hoped that the investigation promised by Mr. Cross will be a thorough one, conducted by competent persons, and that their report will not be delayed till the excitement has died down, when it can be quietly pigeon-holed. Excitement of the sort is generally short-lived. A few months ago a great sensation was caused by the horrible circumstances of an execution at Leeds, but it was not even alluded to in the debate on Capital Punishment the other day. A few months hence, people will be more willing to accept Mr. Cross's official belief that the suicide was due to "the peculiar temperament" of the boy, and will not care to consider whether the discipline of a school should not be accommodated to such peculiar temperaments. It is of such temperaments sometimes that heroes are made. We owe our Indian Empire to a man who made a determined attempt at suicide at a very early age; and rich as we are in good human material, we cannot afford to have such individuals sacrificed by the animal brutality of bigger boys at school.

It is possible that the Government are open to a charge of shilly-shallying about the Irish Sunday Closing Bill, but on the whole we agree with Major O'Gorman that quite enough has been done for "these dismal Sabbatarian men." It does not by any means follow from the fact that an Act for the closing of public-houses on Sundays is "demanded by the almost unanimous voice of Ireland," that such an Act ought to be passed. Mr. M'Carthy Downing says that "a very extraordinary change of opinion had come over the people of Ireland in regard to this Bill." He had voted for it once, but after the evidence given in Committee he would not vote for a similar measure next year; he believed many other Irish members would do the same, and he had no doubt that petitions would be sent up from every parish in Ireland against it. We hope this is so, but whether or not, the principle of such a Bill, proposing to allow a majority who do not want to use public-houses on Sunday to shut out those who do want to use them, there being no proof that such a measure is necessary to public safety, is very open to question.

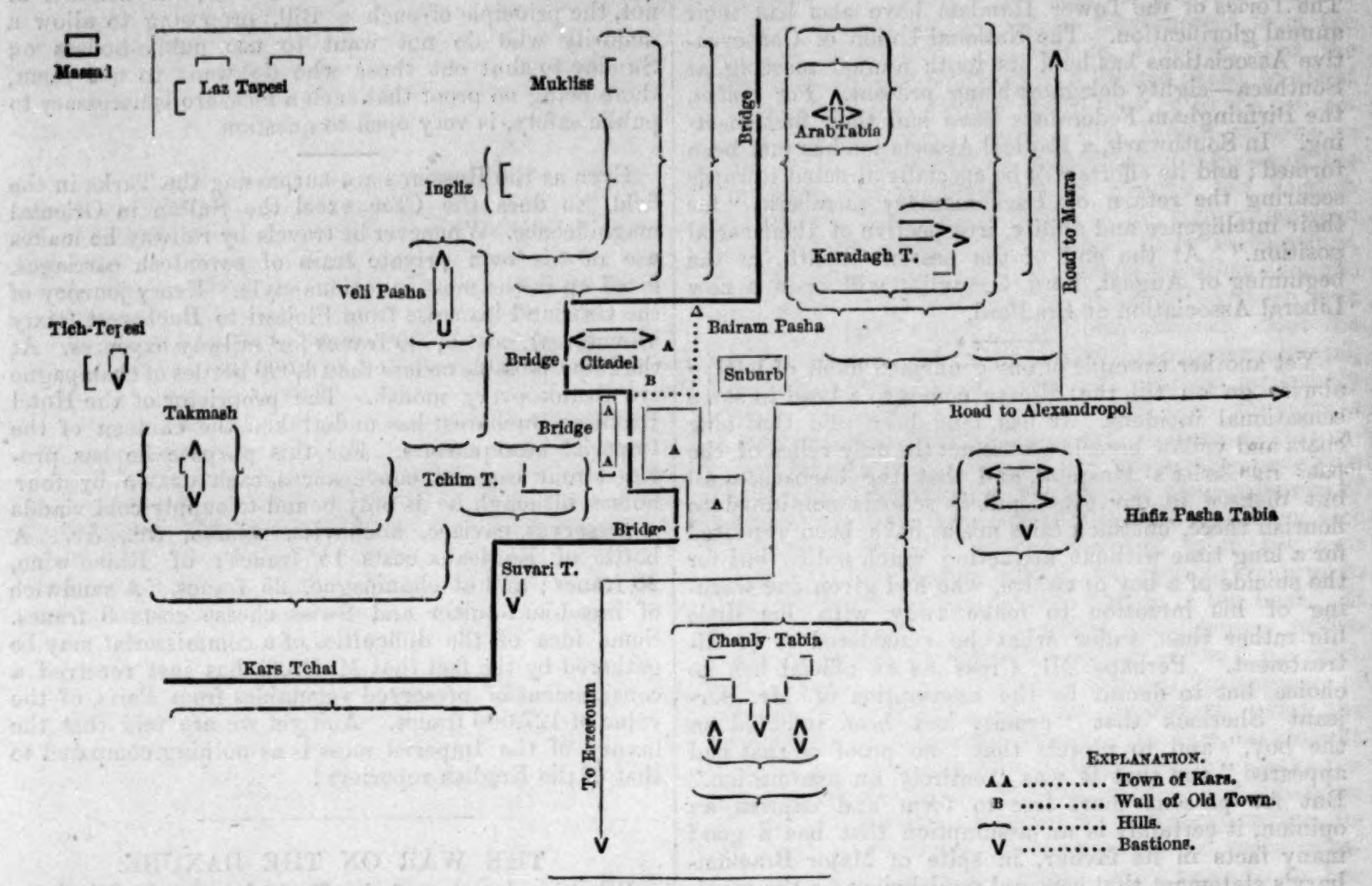
Even as the Russians are surpassing the Turks in the field, so does the Czar excel the Sultan in Oriental magnificence. Whenever he travels by railway he makes use of his own private train of seventeen carriages, fitted up in the most luxurious style. Every journey of the Czar and his suite from Plojesti to Bucharest (sixty kilomètres), cost 6,000 francs for railway expenses. At the Imperial table no less than 4,000 bottles of champagne are drunk every month. The proprietor of the Hotel Brofft at Bucharest has undertaken the canteen of the Imperial headquarters. For this purpose he has provided four especial conveyances, each drawn by four horses, although he is only bound to supply cold viands —preserves, caviare, anchovies, salmon, &c., &c. A bottle of Bordeaux costs 15 francs; of Rhine-wine, 20 francs; and of champagne, 25 francs. A sandwich of bread-and-butter and Swiss cheese costs 3 francs. Some idea of the difficulties of a commissariat may be gathered by the fact that M. Brofft has just received a consignment of preserved vegetables from Paris, of the value of 127,000 francs. And yet we are told that the luxury of the Imperial mess is as nothing compared to that of the English reporters!

THE WAR ON THE DANUBE.

What has become of the Turkish army? plaintively asks the *Times* correspondent, and replies to his question by the supposition that it has vanished into thin air. Not yet. The Turkish army is safe in its lines between Rustzuk and Schumla and Schumla-Osman Bazar. The army at Rustzuk extends along the right bank of the Lom, with its headquarters at Kadikoi and its advance-guard at Pirgos and Koshova. Abdul Kerim's army has its left wing at Osman Bazar, commanding the Kazan Pass, his centre at Dzumaya, and right resting on Schumla. Kazan and Slivno south of the Balkans are also held in force to the number of some 15,000 men. By this disposition he hopes to be able to fall upon the Russian centre when it debouches into Roumelia by the Tirnova-Kezanlik road over the Schipka pass, trusting to the quadrilateral to occupy the Russian left wing and the Dobrudja expedition. We still hold to our opinion that the 180,000 men, which have now passed by Zimnitza into Bulgaria, form the left wing and centre of the Russian advance, the Russo-Roumanian forces about to cross west of Widdin being the right wing; unless, indeed, the 180,000 men from Zimnitza should be found sufficient with the Dobrudja corps to form the chief operating army, in which case the corps advancing on Rustzuk would become the centre, the Tirnova corps the right, and the Dobrudja corps the left wing. In this case the Russo-Roumanian corps, in the west, would form a distinct group of operations having Widdin, Sophia, or Philippopoli for its objective.

The Turks and their friends are well aware of this fact, and are busily extending the outworks at Widdin in the direction of Florentin, and towards Adlie, near the Servian frontier. The Turkish camp round Widdin numbers some 45,000 men—regulars—and an unascertainable quota of irregulars. That the Serbs intend taking part in the war is the firm conviction of the Turks. They have ascertained that troops are being concentrated in Banya and Negotin, but have resolved to leave this demonstration to the care of Osman Pasha, whilst preparing to invade Servia, not from the south by way of Alexinatz, but from the Drina, imagining that their rear will be protected by the Austrian occupation of Bosnia, which will take place, in all probability, as soon as the Serbs or Roumanians cross the Turkish frontier.

KARS AND THE WAR IN ASIA.



Some of the Russian papers, which are followed by the *Times*, have published a sketch and description of Kars and the surrounding fortifications as they existed before their demolition by the Russians in 1855. The above sketch, however, shows to what extent the demolished works were restored by the Turks and made into permanent defences. Of the breastworks and bastions connecting the outlying forts which the Turks may possibly have constructed since war seemed inevitable, no one has any definite knowledge except those on the spot. It is true that abundant advice has been given to the Turkish War Office as to the necessity of this, that, or the other work; but there is no evidence that this advice has been followed. The above sketch is recognised by the very best authorities both in England and in Russia as the most accurate, an opinion also endorsed by the Prussian military authorities, whilst the following description shows what the Turks have done and left undone as far as the permanent works are concerned.

The Muchliss works in the North have not been completed, and are, besides, so constructed that they do not sweep the whole of the declivity, and do not at all command the paths that lead across the river to the Arab Tabia. There is no ditch protecting it, as there ought to be according to the plan, nor have the works been constructed which were projected for the highest point of the range—about 200 mètres off—which commands the Muchliss.

South of the Muchliss lies the Ingliz work. It is a closed work, with one issue from its base on the south-east towards the town. It mounts no cannon, and is only adapted for small arms fire, but is protected by a trench 7½ ft. deep.

Veli Pasha Tabia consists of three bastioned faces, closed up in the throat by a crenelated wall and defence barracks, and surrounded by a trench 7½ ft. deep; the parapet has a height of nearly 30 ft. There are two entrances to it—one through the barracks, another into the trench. It has no powder magazine.

The Tschim is simply a battery, without any trench, but protected by a glacis 75 yards in front. It contains a powder magazine of a capacity of 50 cubic mètres.

West of the Tschim—1,200 mètres distant—lies the Takmash—better known to English readers by the name of Tahmasp. The ascent to this work is graduated, and comparatively easy—a sort of mamelon. It consists of two closed and connected bastions containing barracks and a powder-magazine.

Tich Tepesi, 500 mètres north-west of this work, consists of a closed bastion containing a powder magazine, and is provided with a trench and a battery in front 25 mètres distant, called the Ai Tabia. It mounts eight 24-pounders. The breastworks and batteries, Laz Tepesi, commanding the hamlet of Massad, complete the line of fortifications west of the river Kars-Tchai. The breastworks are represented in our sketch as forming a right angle, but in reality they form a slightly curved line running from south-west to north-east.

East of the river, the defences commence in the north with the celebrated Arab Tabia on the top of the Karadagh, which descends in one unbroken steep declivity towards the river, but by three distinct terraces towards the valley on the east. It consists of a closed bastion with barracks, a small bomb-proof powder magazine, and an open work, the whole surrounded by a glacis adapted for cannon and rifle-fire. The earth had all to be brought up from the valley below, and there are no trenches or traverses protecting the ramparts. Lying higher than the Ingliz work on the other side of the river, it is an important support against any rear or flank attack upon it.

The Karadagh group consists of two open works, the chief one nearly surrounding a plateau of solid rock 20 ft. high, on which the Siaret battery is constructed, commanding the whole group. The chief work contains two powder magazines, the outwork only one.

Hafiz Pasha Tabia is the strongest of all the works. It is closed, the wall only pierced by one gate towards the town. The whole is surrounded by a deep trench, contains a magazine, and is protected on the south-east by an open outwork called Echali.

The Chanly Tabia consists of a closed lunette, and two advanced redoubts, protected by a deep rock-hewn trench and traverses. It contains a powder magazine.

Suvari, an open work, commands the road leading from Erzeroum into the town. It contains a small

magazine. So much for the outworks. The citadel is built of brick, contains two large and two small towers and a powder magazine. The wall surrounding the old town—no other exists—has no military significance whatever. The bomb-proof accommodation in Kars is limited to shelter for 3,000 men in the barracks. Only one of the provision magazines, holding four weeks' food, is bomb-proof. There are five bomb-proof powder magazines, protected against vertical but not against direct fire.

The armament of the place consists of 150 rifled 24-pounders, mostly muzzle-loaders, and fifty-four smooth-bore guns of the same calibre. The garrison should amount to at least 23,000 men; but the number actually within the walls does not in any case exceed 19,000, and is more probably only 14,000 strong, with eighteen field-pieces. Water does not exist in any of the outworks beyond what is contained in the cisterns which the closed works contain.

Now this description of the place shows sufficiently that Kars is not a town to be taken as soon as looked at, especially when the fact is considered that the rocky nature of the ground would make a regular siege with parallels and zigzags a work of months. This is especially the case with the key of the position—the heights of Karadagh with the Arab Tabia and the Siaret battery within the Karadagh group, the earth for which had to be carried up from the valley below. The southern defences to Kars are consequently of smaller value; with the fall of Arab Tabia and Karadagh, Hafiz Pasha in the south and Muchliss in the west would speedily become untenable. Hence, though Kars has been thrown open on the south by Mukhtar Pasha's advance, their position, north of the town, is still held by the Russians, and the siege of Kars cannot be said to have been raised till Mukhtar Pasha has forced them to retire from the north, on which side their operations were chiefly concentrated.

That the advance of Mukhtar Pasha should at once have led to the conclusion that the Russians were routed, was to have been expected; but it still remains very doubtful indeed whether the Russian commanders have not been as astute as the Turks. It will be remembered that we repeatedly stated that the forces pushed forward from the centre to the Soghanly Dagh were but a reconnaissance in force—a screen interposed between the centre and Mukhtar Pasha's troops, just as the forces at Batoum were a screen to cover the operations on Ardahan and the Ardanudsh-Artvin line. General Tergukassof, however, probably led away by his successes against the Turkish right, fancied himself strong enough, in spite of the slight footing he had gained with the centre, effectually to turn the Turkish position; whilst Mukhtar Pasha, having found out the numerical weakness of the centre screen, doubled upon him with a furious assault. This assault was repulsed by the Russians, who, however, in face of the enemy's presence in their rear at Bayazet, determined to withdraw, and Tergukassoff, seeing that the advance by the valley of the Araxes could not be successful with the small number of troops at his disposal, at once and wisely decided to evacuate the whole valley, which he did, part of his forces retreating by way of Kagysman, and the rest across the western slopes of Ararat to Igdir, where he received reinforcements for the relief of Bayazet, which has now been effectually accomplished. Emboldened by this success, Mukhtar Pasha advanced rapidly on the Russian centre, which fell back, and concentrated itself north of Kars, Mukhtar Pasha then entering Kars from the south; whilst at Batoum, Dervisch Pasha, with the reinforcements we stated at the time as having arrived, undertook an offensive movement against the Russian force which withdrew to its old positions on the other side of the Kintrisch.

The immediate future of the campaign now depends on the number of Turkish troops at Batoum and their movements. Should Dervisch Pasha and Mukhtar Pasha each advance and effect a junction, a battle would have to be fought which would decide the whole campaign for this year in favour of one of the two parties. But so far there is no evidence of such an advance of Mukhtar Pasha, whilst there is still a chance of the Russian commander's intention being, having now massed his forces together, to advance with the field-army along the Ardahan-Artvin line, and thus turn the Turkish left.

There is, of course, much glee at the apparent collapse of the Russian campaign in the pro-Turkish circles, as there is also much grumbling in Russia, where Tergukassoff is being made the scapegoat. It is said in Moscow and St. Petersburg that the Grand Duke Michael committed a grave error by advancing in three columns by three different lines, communication with which was rendered excessively difficult by the nature of the ground. But if the Grand Duke Michael was in error, so was Mukhtar Pasha, for he did exactly the same thing, and exposed his left wing to the same dangers to which the Russian left was exposed. One of three results must soon follow: 1. Either Mukhtar Pasha and Dervisch Pasha unite, cut off Ardahan from the Russian main army and win the battle, in which case the Russian campaign will have collapsed; or, 2. The Turks will be worsted, which means the fall of Kars and success of the Russian arms; or, 3. The Russians will advance in force on the line Ardahan, Ardanudsh and Artvin, or Olti, in which case the Turkish left will be turned, but no immediately decisive results be attained. Let it be borne in mind that there are practically only three roads leading from the Russian frontier to the "objective" Erzeroum. There is the Ardahan, Urut, Olti road; there is the Kars-Köprikoi road, and there is the Bayazet-Köprikoi road. Along one of these roads the invader must march a force strong enough to face the bulk of the enemy's forces, as the nature of the ground utterly precludes the co-operation of three columns to such an extent as to present one uniform movement. The movement hitherto has been a failure, unless indeed it was simply a long-sighted feint to draw Mukhtar Pasha from his strong position. But, perhaps, the most reasonable solution is that theRussians underrated the Turkish powers of resistance, and also overlooked the fact that foreign officers of distinction accompany the Turkish headquarters, in a capacity which makes their not giving the Turkish commander the benefit of their advice and experience a matter of practical impossibility. We must confess that from a military point of view government military commissioners are a much greater nuisance even than the special correspondents, who are comparatively harmless. There is always a stigma attaching to them, as in the case even of military *attachés* to the various embassies. The case of Colonel Wellesley furnishes a striking example; and we were recently informed by a military *attaché* of high rank in London that he sometimes scarcely knew how to contain himself, and felt inclined to pack up his portmanteau and hasten home a dozen times a day. It is not so much by the daily press, which has a duty to perform, that this feeling is produced, but by the "leaders of society," who are quite as brutal in their remarks and insinuations as the greatest ruffian of a *sans culotte*, whom the said leaders hold up as a thing to be loathed like the plague. It was to avoid the impertinences of this cream of society that the Duchess of Edinburgh was obliged to leave England—a fact not flattering to our vaunted British hospitality.

THE ALLEGED RUSSIAN ATROCITIES.

The charges formally made by the Porte in a telegram to its representatives abroad are of much too serious a character to be passed over without examination. If they are true, although the atrocities, being committed in the heat of war, cannot be put in the same category with the cold-blooded Bulgarian massacres, still they call for a protest from the whole civilised world. The Ottoman pen would in that case have proved itself mightier than the Ottoman sword. On the other hand, if the charges are false, they exhibit the Ottoman Government in a more contemptible light than ever. The

following are the terms of the accusation, despatched from Constantinople on July 8:—

Our authorities notify us of acts of the greatest gravity committed by the Russian troops in those parts of our territory which have been invaded, and from these acts it will be seen that the enemy is systematically taking a course of massacre, pillage, and incendiarism. Among these deeds the Imperial authorities mention the following, the reality of which is absolutely established.

On Wednesday last the Russian troops invaded a Mussulman village in the district of Sistova, sacked it, set fire to the dwellings, and massacred a great number of peaceable individuals. Six inhabitants of the same village, having been met by the enemy, were attacked, and although they offered no resistance, one of them was killed, and the others were made prisoners. Seven other persons, while on their way from Rustchuk to Ritona, their native place, were slaughtered by the Russian cavalry. One only escaped the massacre. The bodies of the unfortunate victims were subjected to horrible profanations, their eyes were torn out, and the sockets touched with bread.

The Bulgarians of Sistova, incited by the presence of the enemy, are massacring the fugitive Mussulmans, and eight Turkish soldiers having fallen into the hands of the Russians, were beaten down with sticks.

Similar atrocities are communicated to us from Asia, notably the following:—Fifteen hundred families belonging to Soukoum Kaleh, having taken refuge in the woods to escape the barbarous treatment to which the Cossacks subject the entire Mussulman population, died of inanition. The Russian division which occupied Ardanache, in its retreat towards the frontier, put to death fifty persons of both sexes and of various ages, and set fire to the dwellings in several villages through which it passed.

The Armenian Bishop of Utch Kilissa was seized, brutally garotted, and carried away by the troops in this frightful condition.

These deeds, any comment on which would but weaken their horrors, and which I beg you to lay before the public conscience, are becoming general along the whole passage of the Russian troops both in Europe and Asia, and leave no room for doubt as to the programme of murder and devastation adopted by the enemy in order to strike terror into the country and exterminate the non-combatant population.

To this catalogue of barbarities another item has since been added:—

During an engagement at Tchamtchara, in Asia, the Russian troops directed their fire on the hospital, although the neutralising flag—that is, the red crescent on a white ground—waved above it. The hospital contained wounded, many of whom, prevented by their condition from taking flight, were killed. We call the attention of indignant Europe to this cruel act—an act which is not only contrary to humanity, but is a violation of the engagements entered into by all the signataries of the Geneva Convention. The Sublime Porte energetically protests against this violation of the laws of humanity and of international conventions.

If a prisoner on his trial for murder should try to excuse himself by alleging that several of the relatives of the murdered person who were doing their utmost to secure a conviction had committed savage outrages on his wife and children, the Court would not admit this as any extenuation of his crime, and it would ask something more than his bare word in proof of the counter-charge. None the less the charges would have to be inquired into, and proved or disproved by the evidence of third parties. Now, in the case of these charges made by the Turks against the Russians, which some of our journals, without much regard for their own credit, have accepted off-hand, and made the theme of "terrific suras," we are fortunately not without the evidence of third parties.

Thus, in Asia, the scene of several of the alleged barbarities, we have the correspondent of the *Times* with the Turkish army. Of course he cannot be everywhere at once, and the fact that he has not witnessed a particular atrocity is not a proof that it has not been committed. Still, his evidence as to the general behaviour of the Russians is of considerable consequence. He writes from the Turkish camp, and is not likely to be unduly favourable to the Russians in his reports. He is not the only Englishman in Armenia. There are three English officers attached to the Turkish army—Sir Arnold Kemball, Captain Trotter, and Lieutenant Dougall, with whom he is in constant communication; they ride together, mess together, share often the same quarters, and even come under fire together; they speak to the same persons, take their evidence from the same witnesses. If the *Times* correspondent is not impartial in his own feelings, he writes with a knowledge of this check upon what he reports. On June 29 there appeared a letter from this correspondent, in which he professes to relate what he heard from some Turkish fugitives from Ardahan, whom he, in company with Sir Arnold Kemball, met on the road to Erzeroum. His account of the behaviour of the Russians was taken from the lips of the fugitive troops, and this is what he says:—

The fugitives spoke in the highest terms of the Russians, who treated the sick and wounded with the greatest consideration and kindness, sending the worst cases to their own hospitals for treatment, and distributing the others among the neighbouring villages. All soldiers of the Nizam, or regular troops, taken prisoners, are to be sent across the border to Russia; but all prisoners of the Redif, or reserve troops, after being disarmed, were supplied with five days' rations, and allowed to proceed where they pleased, not even being put on their parole, to refrain from serving again. Grain also had been distributed among the frontier villagers to sow their fields. This treatment, so foreign to what soldiers and villagers receive at the hands of their own Government, has produced a most favourable impression.

A great number of men perished in the flight owing to the destruction of the bridge over the Kur Su by the Russian guns when it was crowded by fugitives. The cavalry, however, who conducted the pursuit, appeared to have behaved with more forbearance than pursuing cavalry usually do, for they contented themselves with heading the flying masses and driving them back to camp, where, as I have before remarked, they were received with kindness and attention, the sick being well cared for, and the reserve troops being furnished with rations.

Such is the evidence which the correspondent of the *Times* collected from the fugitives themselves, at the very moment when the Porte was issuing official news of the horrible atrocities committed in the capture of Ardahan by the Russian troops. The history of war presents very few instances in which an army distributes grain to the enemy's villages, or in which fugitive soldiers are spared by pursuing cavalry, and prisoners are supplied with rations before being sent off disarmed to shift for themselves. We need not attribute this to any extraordinary clemency on the part of the Russians, but simply to the fact that it is their interest to make a good name for themselves in a country which they intend to annex. It is this, we may add, which gives such a preposterous air to the audacious falsehoods of the Government at Constantinople, and which adds to the disgrace of those English journals that countenance them in so despicable a mode of warfare.

In Europe, also, we are able to compare the statements of the Porte with the evidence of an impartial witness. The *Daily News* has a correspondent with the army which crossed at Sistova, a correspondent whose instincts lead him to the "fighting front," and whose personal qualities enable him to make his way there. Again and again he has borne testimony to the admirable behaviour of the Russian troops. It will be remembered that he gave a long account of the outrages committed by the Bulgarians of Sistova, to which reference is made in the despatch of the Porte. Only he did not say that the Bulgarians were incited by the Russian troops, or that Turkish prisoners were handed over to them to be beaten to death. This is a foul calumny, if the word of an impartial Englishman is to be trusted. The correspondent of the *Daily News* was with the first Russians who entered Sistova, and he found that the Turks having taken to their heels, the Bulgarian inhabitants had occupied the interval between their flight and the arrival of the Russians in wrecking their houses, an act for which the Russian soldiery could in no degree be held responsible.

Outrages there must always be in war, but it is a new feature in warfare that one of the combatants should have a department for the manufacture of atrocities, to be used as a means of obtaining commiseration and trying to obtain allies. Some English newspapers who are abetting the Porte

in this curious conduct seem to think that the Russians set the example in manufacturing the Bulgarian atrocities. But we fear that if the Bulgarian atrocities were manufactured, the blame must rest, not on the Russian Government, but upon Englishmen and Americans—Mr. Schuyler, Mr. Pears, Mr. MacGahan, and Mr. Baring. There is this difference between the two cases, on the supposition that the charges are equally false, that the Bulgarian atrocities were manufactured by disinterested persons, who had nothing to gain but the pure pleasure of telling sensational lies. It is not for love of the sensation that the Turks are fabricating charges against the Russians, and that the *Daily Telegraph* is industriously dancing to the tune of Constantinople.

There is one class of outrages of which we may expect to hear as the war proceeds—outrages upon Bashi-Bazouks. The Russians would be more than human if they showed any mercy to the "irregular soldiers" of the Sultan. The *Standard* of Wednesday contained an account of an outrage committed by some of these savages in the Dobrudja, which rests upon better evidence than mere official assertion. "One Christian," the correspondent of the *Standard* said, "whose hands had been tied in strips of his own skin, and who had been mutilated afterwards, was brought before the Czar, and died in his presence. His Majesty turned to Colonel Wellesley, and begged him to report what he had now seen with his own eyes. I have heard many stories since the war began, but have never met with eye-witnesses before." When such outrages continue to be perpetrated by the Turkish soldiers, it is too much to be feared that the labours of the manufacturers of atrocity at Constantinople will be lightened before long. No one can be surprised to hear that "the Russian soldiery is madly excited by these reports."

FEUILLETON POLITICS.

The literary pabulum for the general continental public is chiefly provided by the *feuilletonists* of the various papers. There is not a paper of any degree that has not its daily or weekly *feuilleton*—art, literary, dramatic, or political—and which forms the daily family reading and family library. One of the leading booksellers in Germany, Dr. Brockhaus, once pointed out this fact as one which at the same time proved the greater reading capacity of the German as compared to the English public, whilst greatly militating against the interests of the book-trade. In England, he said, the head of the family reads his paper for practical purposes, the mistress glances over the Court news, births, deaths, and marriages, and then the paper has done its duty, and may fitly wander into the kitchen. Not so in Germany; there it is kept for the sake of its *feuilleton*, and kept as long as it will hold together, and till it has been conscientiously studied from beginning to end. This is because books are so dear. In England, on the other hand, books are bought to a much greater extent than in Germany, but, according to Dr. Brockhaus, only as so much furniture—as part of a well-appointed establishment—that belonged *zum guten Ton*—was "the thing." When he was reminded of the myriads of circulating libraries with such colossal establishments as Mudie's, St. James's, and Smith's at their head, he still adhered to his opinion, and insisted that a subscription to one of these establishments was also *de rigueur* for every family of position, or pretending to any position. But as for the books being read, that was quite another thing. And such is the prevalent opinion in Germany. We may, however, rest content with knowing better, and preferring independent reading to the insidious tyranny of the *feuilleton*, which keeps its readers more or less in the leading-strings fashioned by the politics of the paper. The *feuilleton* thus exercises a considerable influence over the continental mind, male, female, and neutral—if we may be allowed thus to describe the nondescripts designated as hobbledehoys and misses in their teens—*Flegeljährige* and *Backfische*. The insidious part of this influence lies in the *feuilleton's* being considered as perfectly neutral ground, safe and impartial. But, as a matter of fact, the *feuilleton* is always adapted to the interests of the policy of the moment, and becomes then what the Germans call *tendentiös*—is coloured with a tendency. At the same time, the *feuilleton* is an important stepping-stone to other things—towards the acquirement of influence, and, afterwards, to its retention and consolidation. Most literary men and many politicians abroad made their *début* in the *feuilleton*. In Germany we may mention Hackländer, Lindau, and Lothar von Bucher, Bismarck's private secretary. In France, the name of Edmond About will at once occur; and now there is a ponderous sort of About disporting himself in the *Cologne Gazette*, vividly presenting to the imagination the picture of a hippopotamus in a drawing-room *à la* Louis XVI.

This is Dr. Karl Braun, one of the *Tendenzfeuilletonists* who, in accordance with the views of the *Cologne Gazette* on the Slavonic question, is giving us the benefit of his experiences on the Adriatic, even as he favoured the world with his views on the Eastern Balkans. The keynote of his disquisitions is struck by his adoption as a German of the vulgar idea of right current in Germany, which is embodied in the popular saying: "It's my turn first; then it's my neighbour's—that's myself; then it's my turn again; and then—it's not your turn for a long while yet!" True to this principle Dr. Braun lashes every nationality he can think of with withering scorn, picks them to pieces, and casts the fragments into the winds eddying round the pedestal on which he stands at an immeasurable height. In his knowledge of human nature he is omniscient. His mode of procedure is to catch a native whom his infallible judgment recognises as such an authority that he endorses all that the fascinated native tells him and "personally accepts the responsibility for it." Thus Dr. Braun finds himself in the marble quarries near Pola, and casting his Olympian eye around him, transfixes with an eagle glance a "melancholy Italian," and bids him speak. The scion of the Romans then lifts up his voice in obedience to the spell, and breaks forth into a wail that rolls through about six columns of the *Gazette* with ever gathering force till it breaks into impalpable spray against the Teutonic granite of which Dr. Karl Braun is composed. The Italian bemoaned the decrees of fate which handed over the culture of classic Rome to the barbarian Tenton, Goth, and Hun, and the civilisation, art, and commerce of mediæval Genoa and Venice to German, Croat, Slav, and Magyar. Bitter, bitter, were his complaints against the Slavophil party in Austria; and in obedience to the secret commands of Dr. Karl, he declares his conviction that there is no hope for Dalmatia, Croatia, Istria, and a few other places, unless they are forthwith incorporated with Italy. Thereupon a rushing of wind fills the quarries, and, eddying forth through the arches of the amphitheatre, bids the wide world hearken, for the lips of Braun are parted, and wisdom is on the wing. We then hear that Italians, Slavs, Croats, Magyars, Morlacchi, Serbs, Rumanici, Ciribiri, Uskoks, and the rest of the world generally, are but dust on the soles of the Teuton foot, and that it was the fault of the Italians that the Slavs ever appeared on the Adriatic coasts. Then this oration terminates in the following outburst, and ends the third *feuilleton* of four columns each:—"Once for all, abandon the fantastical idea of uniting all Italians into one great State, even as we Germans have abandoned the idea. We Germans do not dream of uniting with us the German populations of Switzerland, of Austria, or the Baltic Provinces. We should thereby materially hinder our inner development, which has already suffered by the military necessity of annexing Alsace and Lorraine. The Germans in Bohemia, Moravia, &c., are far more useful to us where they are than if they belonged to us!" And so on. The idea of German unity does not exist. It did not play any part in the incorporation with Germany of Schleswig-Holstein, Prussian Poland, Silesia, Alsace

and Lorraine, Hessen-Cassel, or Hanover or Saxony. All the world has been mistaken on this point, except Dr. Karl Braun, who, after the Herculean labour of setting them and the "melancholy Italian" right, is snatched up by the whirlwind he has created before the dazzled eyes of the bewildered Roman, and reappears in Corfu, indulging in an Olympian repast of nectar and ambrosia. Here we have a fine picture of domestic love—Jupiter dallying in the Bella Venetia with the sacrifices from the finny deep which Neptune sent his amphitryons to regale him with, and sipping the luscious wines of Ithaka and Patras, whilst complacently scanning the pages of his court-poet, Homeros. In familiar talk with his companion—not Juno, whom Jupiter never took with him on his mundane excursions—he pleasantly descants on the merits of barbel, mackerel, sole, and Worcestershire sauce, when suddenly the idea of Worcestershire sauce reminds him that he has a rod in pickle for perfidious Albion. Shaking his ambrosial locks, he nods, and the resultant thunder summons to his presence a trembling Corfiote. "Speak!" cried Zeus; and the minion bastard spake. And this was the wise in which he spake:—"Scarcely freed from the yoke of the Lion of St. Mark and the rapacious *proveditori* of Venice, Albion sent forth a lord commissioner, 'King Tom,' otherwise Sir Thomas Maitland. King Tom was a pasha, and we were his humble rayahs. He would not learn Greek or Italian, and ground us down. King Tom was gathered to his fathers, a temple built to his memory, and succeeded by others who only cared for the *possidenti*, the landed gentry, and also ground down the people; and there was no justice in the land. King Tom's successor was Sir Frederick Adams, who built a mole, constructed highroads and an aqueduct, and was consequently immortalised by a statue. But he, too, was an evil man. When it had been raining, he was in the habit of putting on white silk stockings and pumps, and walking about the town till he discovered a puddle. Into this puddle he walked, and bidding his minions fetch the *podesta* of the town, pointed to his bespattered pedestals and, *coram publico*, delivered a thundering lecture to the effect that 'the Greeks were a dirty race, that only Englishmen had any idea of cleanliness, and that that puddle had better be filled up forthwith!' Then came Howard Douglas, and the end of his reign was an obelisk. Then came others, and all of them oppressed and worried the land. At last, when the cry of the people resounded long and strong, there came a special Lord Commissioner to solve the Gordian knot. His name was Gladstone. But Gladstone disgusted the Corfiotes by his hypocritical, slavish submissiveness to the Greek Metropolitan, by his dilatoriness, his opposition to the emancipation of the Jews, and general deceitfulness. We Corfiotes found out three lustra before the rest of the world that Gladstone was nought but a conceited, wavering, unreliable chatterbox. Consequently he was unable to solve the knot, and determined to cut it. So after having sucked the marrow out of our bones, ruined and helpless we were treacherously cast adrift and thrown like a despised bauble at the feet of Greece—besides the islands being saddled with a payment of 10,000*l.* a-year as an inalienable revenue for King George. Perfidy, Treachery, Treason, that is the motto for Rose, Shamrock, and Thistle." Thus spake the Corfiote, and Zeus nodding approval, cast his eye round for some other nation to scourge. Greece and the Greeks now felt the weight of his ire. Chattering jackdaws always—*vide* Cicero's *garruli Græculi*—they were no better than their forefathers; in fact, they were worse, for now in Corfu they chattered in two tongues—Italian and Greek. Whilst indulging in this reflection, Great Jupiter's eye fell upon a mighty inscription on a little house opposite his windo, in No. 37 of the Bella Venetia, looking towards the north-west. It was an inscription that called up delightful memories of days of yore, visions of Danae, Europa, and fair Leda. It was but the words ΚΡΕΒΑΤΙΑ ΔΙΑ ΕΝΟΙΚΙΟΝ translated for the benefit of the Italian helots in another inscription on the other side by the words *Letti d'affitare*. But Zeus was old; and with a sigh he plunged into philological reflections on the degeneracy of the Greek tongue which allows such a term as Pantapoleion to be applied to a rag and bottle shop which next attracted his attention. There we will leave now him, adly raking the *débris* of history out of the *cloaca maxima* in which all nations are grovelling except Teutonia.

We do not wonder that the *Cologne Gazette*, in spite of its anti-Slav opinions, should have obliged Jupiter Braun to take the personal responsibility for all he says or lets others say.

THE CARE FOR "BRITISH INTERESTS."

In a leading article last Monday, the *Times* says:—"It is a singular commentary on our warlike preparations that we should have to buy our torpedoes in Italy, instead of manufacturing them in Woolwich. The inventor of the most formidable torpedo is, we believe, an Englishman, and it used to be said that the monopoly of his invention was some time since offered to and declined by the Government of the day." The *Times* has managed in the above statement to sail pretty near the truth. It is not strictly accurate to say that we have to buy our torpedoes in Italy, because Fiume, where Mr. Whitehead manufactures them, happens to be in Hungary. The *Times*, however, is right in its belief that Mr. Whitehead is an Englishman. He is a native of Lancashire. On the other hand, the *Times* is wrong again in supposing that the monopoly of the invention was only offered to the "Government of the day," if that means the late Government. What is called the old Whitehead torpedo—a machine far inferior to the present instrument — may possibly have been offered to the late Government and refused, Mr. Whitehead sharing the usual fate of inventors, especially from a Government which, not being pledged to a "spirited foreign policy," had no immediate use for torpedoes. It is, of course, possible that Mr. Whitehead's proposals never came to the notice of the heads of the Administration, but were quietly red-taped away into some pigeonhole, where they would not interfere with local interests at home. So much for the late Government and the old torpedo. But we are able positively to state that the present Government was offered the monopoly of the improved torpedo at the time when the Bosnian insurrection was in full swing, when Servia was preparing for war, and Lord Beaconsfield already defying Russia. The new instrument had been experimented upon before a commission formed by the commanders of the American squadron, who were unanimous in praise of the weapon. A copy of their report was forwarded to the Admiralty, but nothing came of it. Indirectly it was heard that a London manufacturer was turning out "Whitehead" torpedoes better and cheaper than Mr. Whitehead himself. That is to say, a London manufacturer was on the spot to watch over his own interests, whilst Mr. Whitehead was at Fiume, besides being, as most true inventors are, a modest man, not given to blowing his own trumpet. There were, moreover, preliminary processes connected with the manufacture of his machines which made it highly improbable that any other person would be able to produce the same effect. And such turned out to be the case. The London manufacturer's torpedoes were a failure compared to Mr. Whitehead's.

But this is not all. Not content with having refused to purchase the monopoly, the British Government not only allowed several of the first-rate Powers to secure the secret and right of manufacture, but even permitted minor States to club together for the same purpose, on Mr. Whitehead's new conditions, after he had found that the British Government would not do business with him. These conditions were that on receipt of an order, and the payment for fifty torpedoes at 200*l.* each, Mr. Whitehead undertook to reveal the secret of their construction, and give the purchaser the right to manufacture them himself. Not even this privilege would the British Government

secure. They allowed Belgium and Holland, Denmark, Norway, and Sweden, to club together to purchase the secret between them; whilst both the Prussian and Russian Governments were only too glad to secure the privilege on any terms. If we are correctly informed, one of the great Powers would have paid handsomely for the monopoly; but Mr. Whitehead refused, his patriotism forbidding him to place the formidable engines solely in the hands of one Power, with whom England might become entangled. And from what we personally know of Mr. Whitehead, we should be inclined to believe that such has been the case. But after having spent a lifetime in inventing and perfecting his machine, amidst great financial and other difficulties, Mr. Whitehead could not in justice to his family consent entirely to pickle his invention until such times as the Admiralty should see fit to untie the red-tape they had fastened up his proposal with. Foreign Governments have behaved far more considerately to Mr. Whitehead than has the British. For instance, when one of his workmen absconded, and offered to sell his secret to the Italian Government, Mr. Whitehead was informed of the matter, and his unfaithful servant sped across the Italian frontier in company more deserved than agreeable.

We drew attention last March to the fact that the Russians were purchasing large numbers of Mr. Whitehead's torpedoes. We are also aware that the attention of the Government was directed to this fact. What has been done since? Is it not worth some member's while to ask the Government the plain question, Have we the right to manufacture Mr. Whitehead's torpedoes? And if not, why not? The answer may possibly be that very good torpedoes are manufactured at Chelsea. Possibly; they may be very good, but they are not nearly so good as Whitehead's.

THE NEW NAVAL COLLEGE.

There is a mystery about the proposed new College for Cadets at Dartmouth, which demands attention. Whenever the matter comes before the House, Mr. Edwards, the member for Portsmouth, is on the alert to serve his constituents by doing his best to thwart the Government; and whenever Mr. Edwards pursues his benevolent intention the answers he receives are most unsatisfactory. Three years ago a departmental committee, of an obscure character, reported that a building on shore was preferable to a ship for training cadets. Two years ago, the Government, acting on this report, inserted a sum of 65,000*l.* in the Navy Estimates, of which it was proposed to spend 8,000*l.* at once, in purchasing a site for the new College, at Dartmouth. Then it was that Mr. Edwards, on July 2, 1875, moved for the appointment of a Committee of investigation, before deciding on Dartmouth, and gave various members an opportunity of advocating the claims of their constituencies to consideration. Mr. Edwards himself thought Weymouth contained "everything that could be desired as a site for this College." Mr. Ashley suggested, naturally enough, that "the inhabitants of Poole took an interest in this question." Mr. Baillie-Cochrane said there was no place like the Isle of Wight. And, at last, even Irish and Scotch members, growing bold, endeavoured to prove that their countries, too, had ports where a proper resting-place for the nursery of our young naval officers might be laid. Mr. Edwards lost his motion on this occasion, but he gained, substantially, a victory; for, a few nights afterwards, on August 3, he induced Mr. Ward Hunt to withdraw his vote and reconsider the matter. Another committee was then formed, with a roving commission, to look for a site. They, in their turn, presented a report last year, to the effect that Southampton was not bad, but that it would be difficult to find a better place than Dartmouth. No action was, however, taken last year, nor was any money voted; but a site was fixed on, overlooking the Dart. Some local difficulties have, it appears, been encountered in connexion with the trustees for the property it was intended to purchase; and in consequence this new College is, so far as we know, no nearer commencement now than it was two years ago. Mr. Edwards is, however, not forgetful of his mission, and has already challenged the Government to say what they are going to do in the matter. The answer he received on Thursday week from Mr. Egerton, on behalf of Mr. Ward Hunt, was most unsatisfactory; but since then it appears that a site at Dartmouth has been found, that a vote will shortly be asked for its purchase, and that Mr. Edwards will move again its rejection.

Why there has been mysterious hesitation it is impossible to say. Perhaps Lord Rayleigh's trustees are responsible for the delay; or perhaps the Admiralty, having done very nicely without a College for three years, thought they might do without it altogether; or perhaps—but this is most improbable—they thought there was, after all, something in the suggestion made by Mr. Childers two years ago, that this so-called College for Naval Cadets would be, in reality, nothing more than a school for the education of the sons of gentlemen at the cost of the British taxpayer. This is, after all, a very important, if not the most important, view of this matter. The maintenance of a training-ship masked the fact that the elementary education of a number of young gentlemen was provided by the country, on the plea that they acquired habits of discipline and professional knowledge unattainable at school. But the erection of a school on shore in place of the *Britannia* disposes, as Mr. Childers urged, of this plea altogether. Before, therefore, the House of Commons assents to a vote for this purpose, it will do well to consider if the time has not arrived to allow of naval cadets finishing their ordinary education at ordinary schools, to raise the age of entry, to introduce competition, and to abandon, altogether, the idea of either a school on shore or a harbour training-ship for cadets. Mr. Edwards may, at any rate, be trusted not to lose sight of the matter.

A SHORT WAY WITH THE RITUALISTS.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* of Thursday, in an article upon 'The Priest in Absolution,' revives a suggestion which in the present state of public opinion is singularly opportune. "The plain course," it says, "is to strike out of the Prayer Book all passages in which there is an appearance of priestly absolution, and above all to strike at the root of the priestly superstition by omitting the laying on of hands in the Ordination Service." It is worth while to consider practically what would be the effects of such a measure, and what are the reasonable prospects of its accomplishment.

As to the first matter, the appearances of priestly absolution in the Prayer Book, it would appear to be very simple. Absolution in the sacerdotal sense would be sufficiently excluded if the form in the Service for the Visitation of the Sick were replaced by that in the Order of Morning and Evening Prayer.

As to the second point, we think our contemporary is a little too sweeping. We do not wish to discuss the abstract desirability of omitting or retaining the imposition of hands in the ordination of the inferior clergy. But it seems to us that the abolition of this custom is outside the range of practical politics; it is not a thing likely to be accomplished in this generation. Such a change would carry the Church of England away, not only from the priestly communions of Rome and the East, but from the vast majority of Protestants of our own and kindred races, with whom English Churchmen must always stand in close relations of sympathy. The ceremony has been preserved in their case without leading to sacerdotalism; did not the old Scotch minister, unable to reach the candidate's head with his hand, stretch over to him the end of his stick, saying, "timmer to timmer"? The ordination service is one which the laity may not unfrequently see; it has naturally great interest for the friends of candidates, and we might expect considerable opposition even from sound Protestants to any serious mutilation of it.

But the case is different with the order of consecration

of Bishops. It is seldom used, and few people have an opportunity of observing it; very few are personally interested in the ceremony. If Bishops from this day forwards were appointed like Deans, without any special consecration ceremony, the whole legitimate business of the Church would go on as before, and no sober-minded Protestant need perceive any difference but this—that he was no longer troubled by sacerdotalism within the Church.

For there is no doubt whatever that the abolition of the consecration of Bishops would be followed by the complete secession of the Ritualist and extreme High Church party. With them it is an article of faith that the Apostolical Succession can only be transmitted through Bishops consecrated by Bishops; and that unless the clergy are ordained by Bishops having an uninterrupted succession from the Apostles, no sacraments administered by them have any validity. Accordingly they recognise the churches of Rome and the East as true churches, but the Protestant communities they do not recognise as churches at all. In restricting the office of ordination to the Episcopal Order, the Church of England resembles idolatrous and priestly-ridden bodies, but differs from Protestant communions.

That she does so is due, not to the will of the English people, but to the personal preferences of Elizabeth and Charles II. At the beginning of each of those reigns an attempt was made to sever the link between the English Church and an essentially un-English religion; and in both cases it was overridden by the personal influence of the Sovereign.

The present time is peculiarly appropriate for a renewal of the attempt. Our old enemy, the Church of Rome, has declared in the most shameless manner that war against the fundamental principles of social morality which she has all along been half-secretly waging. It is a fitting opportunity to cut off all connexion with the declared enemy of society and civilisation. Our episcopal succession is derived from Rome; and it always leaves open a door for the introduction of the idolatry and wickedness of the Romish Church. Until the succession is cut off, the door will not be closed. But when Bishops are appointed like Deans or Archdeacons, without any special ceremony, or at any rate without the laying on of hands of other Bishops, it will be impossible for the clergy to imitate the sacerdotal pretensions of Roman priests. We shall be allied with the civilised and progressive Protestant communities, and shall have finally broken with that fatal organisation which corrupted the Christian religion and massacred our fathers.

Now this thing can be done. We do not believe there is a single constituency in the United Kingdom which, if properly instructed upon the bearings of this question, would not give its vote in favour of the reform. It makes no perceptible alteration to the Protestant; the Bishops will still wear lawn sleeves, and have large incomes, and sit in the House of Lords, and rule their dioceses. It absolutely clears away sacerdotalism and the danger of it. All that is wanted is that the constituencies should be properly instructed; and this work must be undertaken by the Evangelical Alliance and other Protestant societies, backed by all men of moderation and good sense. Upon them devolves the task of perfecting the work of the Reformation, and giving a truly Protestant character to the English Church.

We do not disguise from ourselves that this measure is a Conservative one. If carried, it will probably postpone disestablishment for fifty years, or even indefinitely. But we do not think true Liberals need oppose it on that account. In the meantime, the Church will be more truly national, and will better reflect the character of the English people; and when disestablishment does come, the Church will be Protestant and not Catholic. The enormous influence which must in any case remain to her, will be exerted on the side of truthfulness and progress; not in support of the dark and tortuous and filthy ways of priestly superstition.

PARLIAMENTARY AMENITIES.

The House of Commons has had during the present Session several times to consider the question, what is and what is not Parliamentary language within the House. It has also had on several occasions—for example, with reference to Mr. Parnell's lecture on the whole duty of an Irish M.P.—to consider what language may be used outside the precincts of the House by a member. Mr. Parnell having explained that he had never meant to speak disrespectfully of the Speaker, the Chancellor of the Exchequer and Mr. Gladstone took a few days ago the opportunity of recalling some of the principles by which the House decides on the propriety of impugned language. One of the chief principles, as stated by the latter, was, "We cannot tolerate any attack, direct or indirect, upon the conduct of our Speaker." This is but a sample of a whole code of rules which has insensibly grown up in the long life of Parliament, with the object of controlling the unruly member—a code which justly earns the praise of all acquainted with it. It was gradually constructed in deference to obvious reasons. Reasonable debate would be out of the question when passions ran high, if everyone was at liberty to make use of the words which came first to his lips. Duels, assaults, and brawls would be daily episodes in the life of the House of Commons, if honourable members might express their feelings without restraint. We do not say that these rules have been always successful, for there have been instances of one eminent statesman calling another eminent statesman "a base, mean, fawning parasite," and "a villain;" and we have only to recall a scene in the lobby of the House during this Session, between Dr. Kenealy and Mr. Sullivan, to be sensible that the best rules prove frail on some occasions. Neither do we think of pronouncing these rules perfect, and worthy of close imitation in all quarters. If we did so, we should fall into an error somewhat similar to that committed by Mr. Palgrave. In an ingenious little work published not long ago, he held up for imitation and as a guide to the chairmen of all public meetings the rules for the transaction of business in the House of Commons. He did not anticipate the machinations of the obstructive coterie of Home Rule members, or the possibility of their bringing business to a standstill by the application of those extolled rules. We hesitate, therefore, to speak of the regulations controlling licence of speech in Parliament as all that they ought to be; we might find that they could be evaded or made to palliate gross abuse. Still there is no doubt that if one compares the rules as to what M.P.'s may say with the rules as to what their constituents may say of each other, one must be struck by the scrupulous regard for the finer feelings in the former, and the total want of it in the latter. In other words, the law as to what is unparliamentary in speech proceeds on the assumption that a Member of Parliament is a delicate being, whose feelings must not be trifled with, while the law of slander proceeds on the contrary assumption that the feelings of a mere voter are not worth taking into account. We do not propose to build any tall metaphysical card castle on this distinction. We leave it to others to find in it proof of the heartless indifference of Parliament to the happiness and comfort of the people. A sagacious Montesquieu or De Tocqueville might deduce from this fact alone some terrible warning respecting the dangers attending Parliamentary government. We leave it to speak for itself without much commentary or speculation as to the cause of that distinction.

The law as to slander—the sole curb on licence of speech in ordinary life—would be surprising had not habit somewhat reconciled people to irrational distinctions. As it now stands, the general rule is that only words which impute some indictable offence, or which can be alleged to have produced special damages, are the subject of an action. The consequence is that the licence accorded to a foul-mouthed, scurrilous person in society is vast. To charge one with the vilest immorality may be perfectly per-

missible. Such terms as "rogue," "rascal," "scoundrel," and "cheat" may be used in some cases freely, and without inconvenience; this is also true of the word "swindler"—a fact which may destroy a little the point of the famous scene between Pickwick and Dodson and Fogg in the office of that smart firm. The principle that the coarsest abuse may be freely indulged in so long as no crime punishable at law is imputed, or, in the absence of proof of any special damages naturally flowing from the words, opens the door to dangerous licence; and, in the case of women in particular, it produces results which earn for the law, under which it is possible, the epithet "barbarous," once bestowed upon it by Lord Brougham. We may say that the law in its present shape encourages and inevitably produces assaults and acts of violence, even by right-minded, peace-loving persons. If a man can obtain no redress at law, when the honour of those nearest and dearest to him is questioned or calumniated in public, what is he to do? If he himself may be charged openly with all sorts of immorality, and if the Courts of Law refuse to mulct the offender in damages, is it to be expected that men will not in a rough and ready way procure justice for themselves? The best, if not, in fact, the only very valid reason for the existence of restrictions on slander, is that if persons were allowed to speak exactly as they pleased of their neighbours it would be hopeless to expect that the peace would be kept. Men, the coolest as well as the most hotheaded, would resent with violence bitter, cutting accusations; and it would be idle to suppose that the fear of punishment would deter them. But, unfortunately, the law does not go so far as the principle on which it mainly rests would carry one. It has nothing to say in reproof of many of the most insulting and exasperating expressions. An instance will illustrate our meaning. A woman was accused, quite falsely, of some heinous acts of immorality. The charge was probably brought with the purpose of injuring her in the eyes of her husband; one of the effects of the accusation was that she was deprived of membership in a dissenting chapel. The husband brought an action against the calumniator; but he failed, the Judges declaring that by "the very cruel" law no redress could be obtained for such injuries.

Let us now contrast this truly disgraceful state of things with what we may call the Parliamentary law of defamation. Of course, we must not forget the different objects of the two laws; they could not and ought not to agree in all respects. But nothing will explain away satisfactorily the fact that the Parliamentary law insists upon courtesy, or at all events the semblance of decency in speech, between man and man; while the Common Law, which is the fare of most of us, does nothing of the kind. A few instances will make this clear. "Coward" is not a permissible expression in the House of Commons. It is not right to speak of an M.P. as a "sympathiser with the Fenians." "Dodge," "factious opposition," and "jockeyed" are tabooed phrases. Even "shabby"—a term only too applicable, we fear, to many Parliamentary transactions—is declared to be out of place. We need not say that all these expressions are in common life open to use without any disagreeable legal consequences. It has been much doubted whether "calumnious" is a proper Parliamentary expression. When answering Mr. Layard's charges with respect to favouritism exhibited by Lord Hardinge in selecting officers for promotion, Lord Palmerston spoke of them as "false and calumnious." A member rose to order; but Lord Palmerston repeated the words, and the Speaker suffered them to pass. When, many years afterwards, Mr. Gathorne Hardy was replying to a speech by Mr. Layard, he characterised one of the observations of the latter as a "calumnious statement." Curiously enough, Lord Palmerston then rose to order, and appealed to the Speaker whether this was not a breach of the rules of debate. The Speaker avoided giving on that occasion any definite opinion; but he was understood to say that the circumstance that Mr. Layard had previously used the word "falsification" made a material difference. "Calumnious" was long a doubtful Parliamentary word; but it may now be taken for granted, after the ruling of the Speaker in a debate on the case of Captain Gurdon, who had been refused promotion for writing to the newspapers, that M.P.'s are free to speak of the "calumnious accusations" of each other. At the same time, it would appear from a censure passed on Mr. Whalley—who has illustrated and cleared up so many points of order—that it is not proper to couple with the word calumnious "malicious." We have no wish to suggest that all expressions which the House of Commons treats as unparliamentary should be regarded as slanderous. That would be quite unnecessary, and it would be a pity if one could not express in plain Saxon one's opinion of shabby, mean conduct. But there is a great distinction between the candid speech which relieves an honest man's feelings, and the foul scurrility and malicious insinuation of a rogue or slanderer; and it is regrettable that the chief constitutional and practical redress in this country for the latter is to horsewhip or knock down the offender.

THE STATE OF SICILY.

Once upon a time, a stage-coach was stopped by highwaymen in a lonely part of Ireland. The passengers were ordered to give up their property. It was a case of "your money or your life," and the travellers preferred to keep the latter. As one of them, a Saxon tourist, was emptying his pockets for the inspection of a handsome young robber, a sweet, girlish voice was heard to say from behind a hedge, "Shoot the gintleman, Paddy darling." The speaker of these words was not necessarily the hardened being which they seem to indicate. She was possibly a faithful and affectionate companion to her friend with the gun. She may have had many domestic and patriotic virtues. It perhaps seemed to her equitable, as well as natural, that the purse of the affluent traveller should be transferred to the pocket of her impecunious countryman. And the summary means which she recommended for that purpose meant no more to her than the shooting of a rabbit or a partridge. In short, her circumstances and education had been of such a kind that her notion of the rights of property and the value of human life differed in several important respects from those current on this side of the Irish Channel.

This story may help to convey some idea of the conditions of public order in Sicily. English readers are from time to time told by the papers that this or that notorious brigand has been caught or killed. Not long ago they read of the death of the famous Leone. They conclude, not unnaturally, that the safety of life and property in Sicily is becoming, as one after another of these beasts of prey disappears, what it is in most civilised countries. When, accordingly, they read, a month or two later, that a new murder of peculiar atrocity has been committed, or that some wealthy foreigner has been forced to purchase life and freedom by paying a heavy ransom to his captors, they are at a loss to explain this recrudescence of an evil which they had been told was finally cured, and relieve their feelings by hurling anathemas against a Government under which such deeds are possible. These denunciations, which are not wholly without ground, nevertheless ignore the fact that the social and moral condition of the island is peculiar. They ignore the fact that in Sicily you have to deal, not merely with a certain number of evil-doers, but with a public opinion which screens and justifies them. It may be worth while to say a few words on this subject. We take as our authority the admirable work recently published by Signor Leopoldo Franchetti and Signor Sydney Sonnino, to which we can refer our readers for full and trustworthy information on questions which our limited space compels us to treat very briefly.

The evils so much talked of in Sicily may be summed up in the statement that law, as we understand it, is an interloper in the island. The recognised authority, which is supported by the moral sentiment of the population, and which it is disreputable as well as dangerous

to defy, is private violence, or those associations which have private violence as their *ultima ratio*. One or two examples will make this clear. In a commune where the law was beginning to get the upper hand, the head of the police was one day surrounded in the principal street, at the hour when it was most frequented, by a gang of ruffians who shot him dead. Not one of the passers-by saw or heard anything. Elsewhere, a brigand killed a landed proprietor whom he suspected of giving information against him to the authorities. Not satisfied with this, he went to the village where the mother and sister of the murdered man lived, entered the house, shot the mother, dragged the sister downstairs into the street, and finished her with a knife. The police-office was close by, and the village filled with country people returning from their work. The assassin went away unmolested. In another place, which was occupied at the time by troops, a brigand mortally wounded a man who was universally beloved. While the bells were tolling and the priest carrying the viaticum to the dying man, while his door was thronged with a crowd of weeping friends, the murderer stood leaning with folded arms against a wall on the other side of the road, and no one ventured to approach him. The day after, the police were informed that he had been in the village. These instances could be multiplied without end. The noteworthy point about them is not so much the atrocity of the crime, as that the whole population, even those who disapprove of it, are accessories either before or after the fact. The notion that there is a law of justice other than the will and pleasure of the strong, or any power by which that law can be enforced, seems not to have entered the Sicilian mind. But it would be lucky for Sicily if the matter ended with the brigands. In point of fact, the men whose profession is robbery and violence are only a small part of those by whom these crimes are committed. There is a much larger number who practise a respectable calling with more or less regularity, and only kill their man, or steal the cattle of the neighbouring farmer, when an inviting opportunity presents itself. They are then protected, like their professional brethren, by the active and passive connivance of the public. But even here we have not got to the last or the worst of the evil. Most people are by this time familiar with the name of the Mafia, by which word are roughly summed up all those associations, more or less avowed, and more or less strictly organised, of individuals who pursue their common end, of whatever nature it may be, irrespectively of the quality of the means. The word is used with various shades of meaning, and sometimes seems to stand vaguely for the kind of social philosophy of which these combinations are the practical outcome. Thus the associations of particular trades, which in some respects resemble our trades' unions, exercise a terrorism over refractory members of which English experience can give a faint, but only a very faint, picture. Or a number of persons wish themselves to buy a property put up for auction, or to hinder some obnoxious individual from buying it. If milder measures fail, the blood of the murdered competitor is held to rest upon his own head. It is but fair to add that the Mafia would prefer not to be forced to those extreme steps, and that in the majority of cases the unpopular bidder withdraws in time to save his skin. Sometimes a conversational bullet (*fucilata di chiacchieria*) whistles past the ear of a proprietor, not aimed with any murderous intent, but simply to remind him to be careful what he is about, and not forget to know the powers that be. Sometimes a wealthy man, perhaps not always a wealthy man, receives a letter demanding the payment of a sum of money, in default of which his cattle will be stolen or his life taken. So widespread is this mode of procedure, and so little does it offend the public conscience, that we read that there is not a proprietor in the western half of the island who does not stand, and is not practically forced to stand, in more or less friendly relation with these malefactors. The only means by which he can keep his own life and property safe is to be on good terms with them; and their friendship is not to be had for nothing. The money, food, shelter, and connivance which he gives them may be looked upon as an assurance which he pays against death or accident; and neither his person nor his goods are safe on any other terms. All this public opinion accepts frankly. There is even in the minds of the peasantry a sort of halo attaching to the brigand-chief—who, to do him justice, prefers to steal from those who have property rather than from those who have not—like that with which a boy's imagination invests Rob Roy or Götz with the Iron Hand. Under these circumstances, what can the law do? In the first place, since the local police are untrustworthy, and those from the continent of Italy ignorant of the island, it is no easy matter to catch the criminal, aided and screened as he is by all his neighbours. And when he is caught, it is no easy matter to convict him. Witnesses will not come forward, for the double reason, first, that the popular code of honour reckons it infamous to do so; and secondly, that if they do, it may easily cost them their lives. And even if evidence has been found by hook or by crook, there remain the jurymen, who have far too great a respect for their own safety to bring the prisoner in guilty. Sharing the moral feeling of their countrymen, they have no sense of the gravity of this offence, and, if they have, they will not face the consequences of an honest verdict. We are all agreed that law is a fine thing, but law cannot work in a society which is based on lawlessness, which took its present shape just because there was no law. Left to themselves, the different forces in the island have found some *modus vivendi* in the past. The peaceable payment of black-mail by the landowners to the brigands is an example. To this mediæval system, which implies the absence of legal order, the social and moral beliefs of the people have been forced to adapt themselves, and before anything more than a superficial improvement can take place in public security these social and moral beliefs must be reconstructed. And this can only be the work of time. In the course of time, a man, for instance, who refuses to give evidence against a criminal in a court of justice may be held as infamous as a man now is who gives it. If the question of public order were simply one of police, it would soon be settled. As it is, the most sanguine estimate must look on it as the work of many years.

FRIEDRICH WILHELM HACKLÄNDER.

Germany has just lost one of the few novelists she possesses who describe life as it is and not as it ought to be; who prefer chronicling healthy action to propounding morbid and sickly psychological riddles. There are not many such now that Fritz Reuter has been followed by Hackländer. It is true that Hackländer, after having written sixty volumes full, had at best become but an aged lion; but even so he was better than Paul Heyse with his sickly romanticism; Auerbach, with his ponderously philosophic attempts to be reckoned an *esprit*; or Wilhelm Jensen, with his story turning upon a servant-maid's white stockings and an inch or two of her resplendent naked knees. There now remain Victor Scheffel, Gustave Freitag, and—shall we say?—Spielhagen and Marlitt, who can write a readable novel.

Hackländer was born in 1816 at Burtscheid, near Aix-la-Chapelle. His mother died soon after his birth, and his father when he was twelve years old. Then, like Schliemann, he commenced life behind the counter, not a grocer's, but at a draper's in Elbefeld. Here, like Ferdinand Freiligrath, he employed his spare time in writing verses, which were published, but "not paid for," by a local paper. Two years' experience as a counter-jumper satisfied him that he was not to this manner born; so, when he was sixteen years old, he enlisted in the Prussian army, but failing in passing the officers' examination, left it when his term of service was over, and entered again into commercial life, when his career was cut short by the death or bankruptcy of his employer. He then turned to his pen, and wrote a novelette, 'Die Vier Kartenkönige,' which was accepted

by the Stuttgart *Morgenblatt*. This was followed in the same paper by his "Pictures of Military Life in Peace," in which he turned his own military experiences to such good account that he at once made his name known, and was invited to accompany Baron Taubenheim on his tour to the East, on his return whence he was introduced to the King of Würtemberg, and appointed secretary to the Crown Prince, whom he subsequently accompanied on his travels through Europe, and on his journey to St. Petersburg on the occasion of his marriage. On their return, he superintended the erection of the Crown Prince's villa on the Starnberger See, but was soon afterwards dismissed on full pay, as he had many enemies at Court; besides, if all is true that one heard at Stuttgart, there being a strong desire on the part of the Crown Prince, as is usually the case under such circumstances, to get rid of his pre-matrimonial bachelor friends. After following the campaign in Italy under Radetzky and the Prussian campaign in Baden he published his 'Military Life in War-Time,' and soon afterwards married Caroline Opitz, a descendant of the Silesian poet, Martin Opitz. Henceforth his literary activity was astounding. 'Eugen Stillfried,' 'Namenlose Geschichten,' 'Handel und Wandel,' 'Der Letzte Bombardier,' are some of the best of his works, which as we have already said, fill up sixty volumes. He was also an industrious contributor to the *feuilleton* of the *Cologne Gazette*, whilst in 1855, in partnership with Edmund Hoefer, he founded the serial *Hansblätter*, and in 1859, together with Edmund Zoller, the well-known illustrated weekly *Ueber Land und Meer*, a successful competitor with the *Leipziger Illustrirte Zeitung*. On his return to Stuttgart as editor of his new paper he was again invited to enter the State-service, and appointed Superintendent of the Royal Gardens and Buildings, but on the accession of the Crown Prince to the throne in 1865 was again dismissed. Since then he lived partly in Stuttgart, partly in his villa on the Starnberger See.

GREEN PASTURES AND PICCADILLY.

BY WILLIAM BLACK,

Author of 'The Adventures of a Phaeton,' 'The Princess of Thule,' &c.

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CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE LAST LOOK.

ALL around us the great unbroken circle of the sea—overhead the paler colour of the morning sky—and this huge floating palace of 4,500 tons crashing its way through the rolling waves of a heavy ground-swell—that was what we found when we stepped out on to the white and sunlit deck.

"What cheer, Madame Columbus? And how goes the log?" cried the lieutenant, making his appearance at the top of the companion-way.

Madame Columbus had been up betimes—in order to make sure of her bath—and was now engaged in private conversation with Lady Sylvia.

"We are a point west by north of Ben Nevis," she answered, promptly, "but the Irish coast is not yet in sight."

The latter half of her statement was true, anyhow; there was not even the faint cloud of an island visible all around the dark blue horizon. And so we set out on our march up and down the deck which had been strictly enjoined upon us by our admiral-in-chief, but which was occasionally interfered with by a lurch that sent this or that couple flying towards the hand-rail. And we were all full of our new experiences; of the strange sensation of plunging through the night at this terrible speed; of the remarkable ease with which articles could be taken out of portmanteaus; and of the absolute impossibility of getting them put in again, so as to secure something like order in our respective cabins. It was a brilliant morning, with a fresh and delightful breeze; but so blue was the sky, and so blue was the sea, that the eyes becoming accustomed to this intense blue, saw everything on board the ship as of a glowing brown or red, while the human faces we looked at in passing were simply a blaze of crimson. Then we went below to breakfast; and instituted a sort of formal acquaintance with two or three folks who had been, the previous evening at dinner, absolute strangers to us.

That forenoon, as we sat on deck with our books which were seldom looked at, we could not understand why Queen T. was so fiercely opposed to our going ashore at Queenstown for an hour or two. As the pale line of coast now visible on the horizon came nearer and more near, she seemed to regard both Ireland and the Irish with great disfavour, though we knew very well that ordinarily she had a quite remarkable affection for both.

"What is Queenstown?" said she. "A squalid little place, with beggars and tradespeople that prey on the ignorance of Americans. They give you baskets of fruit with brown paper filling up half. They charge you——"

"Why, you have never been there in your life!" exclaimed, Bell, with staring eyes.

"But I know all the same!" was the retort. "Haven't Americans told me again and again of their first experiences of Irish hospitality? And what is the use of being at all that trouble of going ashore, to look at a miserable little town!"

"Madame," said the lieutenant, with a loud laugh, "I do think you are afraid we will not come back, if we once are on the land. Do you think we will run away? And the company—will they give us back our passage-money?"

She relapsed into a proud and indignant silence; we knew not how Queenstown had managed so grievously to offend her.

And now we drew near the point at which we were to bid a real farewell to our native land; and as we slowly glided into the broad, bright bay, Queenstown gave us an Irish welcome of laughter shining through tears, of sunlight struggling through fleecy clouds of rain, and lighting up the beautiful green shores. There was a beautiful green, too, in the water of the bay, which was rippled over by a light westerly breeze. Well, we remained on board after all. We were informed by our Admiral-in-chief that now, when the ship was almost empty and certainly still, was an excellent opportunity for setting our cabins to-rights, and putting away everything we should not require on the voyage. What was there to see by remaining on deck? A quiet bay, a green shore, and some white houses—that was all. Those of us who rebelled, and insisted on remaining on deck, she treated with silent scorn. She was successful, at least, in carrying Lady Sylvia with her below.

And yet it must be confessed that we were all of us glad to get away from Queenstown. We wished to feel that we had really started. Wasting time in waiting for mails is not an exciting occupation, at Queenstown or elsewhere. When, therefore, the tender came out from the shore, and discharged her human and other cargo, and when the order was given to let go the gangway, we were glad enough. All of us, perhaps, except one; for what meant that slight exclamation—and the inadvertent step forward—as this last means of communication was withdrawn? But there was a friendly hand on her arm. The child looked on in mute despair, as the great vessel began to move through the water. There was a good deal of cheering as we now and finally set out on our voyage; she did not seem to hear it.

And now we were out on the Atlantic—the land gradually receding from sight—the great ship forging ahead at full speed through the rushing waves—the golden glory of the afternoon shining on her tall masts. They were getting out some sail, too; and as the string of men were hauling up the heavy gaff of the mizen-trysail, one tall fellow, the leader of the choir, was singing so that all could hear—

Oh, it's Union Square as I chanced for to pass,
Yo, heave, ho!
Oh, it's there I met a bonnie young lass:

while the idiotic refrain—

Give a man time to roll a man down—

sounded musically enough with its accompaniment of flapping canvas and rushing waves. And there were rope-quoits got out, too; and the more energetic shovel-board; while those who scorned such vain delights were briskly promenading the deck with an eye to dinner. And then at dinner—the sudden cry that made everyone start up from the table and crowd round the nearest port-hole to look out on that extraordinary sunset—the sea a plain of dark and rich purple, almost hard in its outline against the sky—the sky a pure, dazzling breadth of green—a sort of olive green, but so dazzling and clear that it burnt itself into the memory, and will for ever remain there—with a few lines of still more lambent gold barred across the west. That fire of colour had blinded all eyes. When we returned to our seats, we could scarcely see each other.

"What a beautiful night we shall have!" said Lady Sylvia, who was doing her best to be very brave and cheerful—because, you see, it was our common duty, she considered, to cheer up the spirits of the young mother who had left her two children behind her—"and what a pity it is, my dear Mrs. Von Rosen, that you did not bring your guitar with you! Half of the charm of the voyage will be lost. And you know it will be moonlight to-night—you might have sang to us."

"I am like Mrs. S——'s little girl," said our Bell, "whom they used to bother so before visitors. She said one day, in the most pathetic voice, 'I wish I didn't know no songs; and then I shouldn't have to sing none.' But the guitar has been put away for a long time now. That belonged to the days of romance. Do you know any Scotch songs, Lady Sylvia? I have gone mad about them lately."

"I believe it was once remarked of you, Bell," says one of us, "that your heart was like a magnetised needle, always turning towards the north. But what we want to know is where you are going to stop. Cumberland ballads used to be enough for you; then you got to the Borders; then to the Lowlands, and now you are doubtless among the clans. Does anybody know if there are stirring tunes in Iceland; or any *Volkslieder* to be picked up about the North Pole? Nevertheless we will take what you like to give us. We will pardon the absence of the guitar. When the moon comes out, we will take up the rugs on deck, and get into a nice shadowy corner, and—and what is that about *Above—Below—All's well!*—?"

"We are indeed well off," says our grave monitress, "that we have nothing to think about but moonlight and singing. What I am thankful for is that the clear night will lessen the chances of our running down any unfortunate small vessel. Ah! you don't know, Lady Sylvia, how often that happens—and nobody ever hears of it—a huge ship like this would simply cut down one of these smaller vessels to the water's edge and go clean over her. And of course the greatest danger of our doing so is near land. Think of the poor men, after being months at sea perhaps, and within a day or so of meeting their wives and families again, finding this huge monster crashing down on them. I tremble when I hear people speak of the vessels anchored on the Newfoundland Banks—and the fogs there—and the great steamers going on through the night. A collision is nothing to us—I suppose we should scarcely feel any shock at all; but it is certain death to the unhappy wretches who are out there at the fishing. Well, it is part of the risk of their calling. They have to support their families somehow; and I suppose their wives know each time they leave the land that they may never be heard of again. I wonder whether these poor men ever think that they are hardly used in life. No doubt they would prefer to belong to a fine club; and their wives would like to drive about in carriages. But I suppose they have their compensations. The home-coming must be pleasant enough."

"But do we go right on through a fog, all the same?" asked our Bell in some alarm.

"At a reduced speed, certainly; and people say that the booming of the fog-horn at night is one of the most horrid sounds in the world."

"You never thought of that danger, Lady Sylvia," said Bell, with a smile, "when your—when Mr. Balfour and you used to speak of going round the world in a steam-yacht. By the way, I suppose that steam-yacht that came out with us has got back to Queenstown by this time."

Queen T. glanced quickly and nervously at her.

"I hope so," said Lady Sylvia. "It was very friendly of the people to escort us a bit on our way. I suppose they knew someone on board. But I did not see anyone waving a good-by to them when they left."

"Oh," said Queen T., carelessly, "I have no doubt they only came out for a run."

When we went on deck we found the last glow of the twilight fading out of the north-western skies. We were all alone on the moving world of waters—the huge metallic-hued waves breaking over in masses of white foam that were clearly visible in the semi-darkness. But by this time we had grown so accustomed to the monotonous sound of the rushing waves that it was almost the equivalent of silence; so that any other sound—the striking of the bells every half-hour in the steering-room, for example, and the repetition by the man at the look-out—was startlingly clear and distinct. We got our chairs brought together, and the shawls spread out; and formed a little group by ourselves, whose talking, if we were so inclined, could not well be overheard. But there was not much talking, somehow. Perhaps that monotonous rushing of the water had a drowsy effect. Perhaps we were trying to find out the names of the pale, clear stars overhead, far beyond the tall masts that kept swaying this way and that as the vessel rose and fell on the long waves. Or were we wondering whether the man at the look-out, whose form was duskily visible against the clear, dark sky, could make out some small and distant speck—some faint glimmer of a light, perhaps—to tell us that we were not quite alone in this awful world of waters?

Then the stars grew paler; for a new glory began to fill the lambent skies, and the white deck began to show black shadows that moved on the silvery surface as the ship rose to the waves.

"Do you remember that moonlight night at Grasmere?" says Queen T. to her friend. "And won't you sing us 'The Flowers of the Forest'?"

It was quite another song that she sang—in a low voice that mingled curiously with the monotonous, melancholy rush of the waves. It was about the bonnie young Flora who "sat sighing her lane; the dew on her plaid an' the tear in her e'e."

Why should she have picked out this ballad of evil omen for our very first night on the Atlantic?—

She looked at a boat wi' the breezes that swung,
Away on the wave, like a bird of the main;
An' aye as it lessened she sighed and she sung
'Farewell to the lad I shall ne'er see again.'

Perhaps her conscience smote her. Perhaps she thought it was hardly fair to suggest to this poor young thing who was thrown on our care that the cruel parting she had just undergone was a final one. At all events, as she began to sing this other song, it seemed to some of us that she was taking a clear leap across a long interval of time, and imagining herself somehow as already returning to English shores. For she sang—

Rest, ye wild storms, in the caves of your slumbers!
How your dread howling a lover alarms!
Wauken, ye breezes; row gently, ye billows;
And waft my dear laddie ance mair to my arms!
But oh! if he's faithless and minds na his Nannie,
Flow still between us, thou wide roaring main!
May I never see it, may I never trow it,
But dying, believe that my Willie's my ain!

Perhaps it was only our idle fancy, on this beautiful and pensive night, that coupled Bell's selections with the fortunes of our guest, but all the same one of us—who is always tenderly thoughtful in such small matters—suddenly called out—

"Come, Bell, we shall have no more sad songs. Who was it that used to sing 'The Braes o' Mar' with a flushed face as if all the clans from John O'Groat's to Airlie were marshalling under her leadership?"

Bell is an obliging person. She sang that song, and many another; and there was an attempt at a modest duet or two; while the ceaseless roar of the waves went on, and we watched the moonlight quiver and gleam on the hurrying waters.

"Oh, my dear," says Queen T., putting her hand on the head of her old friend and companion, who was nestled at her feet, "this is not at all like crossing the Channel, is it?"

"Not much," says Bell. "I am already convinced that my ancestors were Vikings."

Nor was it at all like crossing the Channel when we went below for the night—passing the great ruddy saloon, with its golden lamps and hushed repose—and sought out the privacy of our quiet and neat little cabins. But here an act of retributive justice had to be administered. There were two people standing alone in one of these cabins, amid a wild confusion of slippers, dressing-bags, and clothes-brushes. Says the one to the other, sternly—

"What did you mean by that suspicious glance when the steam-yacht was mentioned?"

"What steam-yacht?" says she innocently; but in the dusky light of the lamp her face is seen to flush.

"You know very well."

Here her fingers become somewhat nervous; and a piteous and guilty look comes into the eyes.

"Do you mean to deny that Balfour was in that boat; that you knew he was to be in it; and that you dared to keep the knowledge from his wife?"

"And if he was," says she, with her lips beginning to quiver, "how could I tell her? It would have driven the poor thing mad with pain. How could I tell her?"

"I believe you have a heart as hard as the nether millstone."

And perhaps she had; but it was certainly not her own sorrows that were making the tears run down her face, as she pretended to be busy over a portmanteau.

LITERATURE.

EGYPT AS IT IS NOT.

Egypt As It Is. By J. C. McCoan. London: Cassell, Petter, and Galpin.

Messrs. Cassell, Petter, and Galpin are hardly doing justice to Mr. Mackenzie Wallace in publishing the above volume as a "companion" to his work on Russia. People who buy Mr. McCoan's work on this recommendation, expecting to find in it the impartial spirit and trained historical faculty of Mr. Wallace, will meet with a disappointment. They will probably find in the volume a good deal about a little-understood country which they did not know before, but as they proceed they will become conscious of a desire on the part of the writer to glorify the present ruler of Egypt, and the consciousness of this fact will cause them to receive Mr. McCoan's statements with growing suspicion. One reason which should alone have deterred the publishers from advertising 'Egypt As It Is' as a companion work to 'Russia,' is that Mr. McCoan's career has not been like Mr. Wallace's—that of a professional student of history. Mr. Wallace's method of proceeding gives one the impression, not only that he is willing to tell the reader everything that he knows and can honourably disclose, but also that he has acquired the habit of looking at political and economical facts in a scientific spirit. He has studied those facts in the country that is the subject of his book as a naturalist studies the flora and fauna of a particular district. The only book we have in English that can fairly be called a companion work to Mr. Wallace's is Mr. Arthur Patterson's two volumes on the Magyars. Mr. Patterson studied Hungary in the same spirit in which Mr. Wallace studied Russia. But this book of Mr. McCoan's strikes us rather as a Stock Exchange pamphlet, amplified to the size of a book by remarks on the territory, the climate, the population, the cities and towns, the administration, thrown into the methodical form made popular by Mr. Wallace. It is a fairly well-written book, compiled apparently with care, and much personal knowledge of Egypt has gone to the making of it; but several things must be explained before we can accept it as a picture of Egypt as it is.

Everything is rose-coloured in Mr. McCoan's picture of Egypt, and particularly the Khedive. Egypt is in the healthiest and most hopeful condition, and the Khedive is the most exemplary of despots. The first suspicion of Mr. McCoan's impartiality crosses our minds in the second chapter, in which he gives an account of the fellaheen. The most careless reader of current history knows that Egypt, under the rule of the Khedive, has succeeded in contracting a magnificent debt in a remarkably short space of time, and they are also aware that the interest on this debt has to be paid, if paid at all, by the population. The burden of the debt falls ultimately upon them. We quoted the other day a passage from an article by M. de Laveleye, expressing his pity for the lot of the fellaheen, "working all day long, and half the night as well, to satisfy the insatiate and prodigal rapacity of Cairo." That is M. de Laveleye's view of the way in which the fellaheen, four-fifths of the population of Egypt, are affected by the debt. But Mr. McCoan thinks that this is a pure delusion, such as would be likely to take possession of a European traveller who cast only a passing glance at the externals of the life of the fellaheen.

It is the fashion to write and speak of this large section of the Khedive's subjects as being intolerably oppressed, ground down by crushing taxation, and generally wretched beyond any parallel elsewhere. This exaggeration has, no doubt, its origin mainly in the superficial impressions of strangers, who, coming fresh from Europe—where, in a different civilisation, a totally different standard of peasant life prevails—discover in the scant clothing, the simple food, and the primitive huts of these Egyptian ryots evidences of altogether special misery and administrative abuse. But no inferences could well be more fallacious. Apart from the fact that these external features accord with the climate, and have been stereotyped since before the Pyramids were built, it may be affirmed that the general condition of the fellaheen will compare favourably with that

of almost any other peasantry in the East. If economical facts prove anything at all, the vast increase in the agricultural and other exports of the past dozen years, and the nearly corresponding return outlay on European manufactured goods, demonstrate a measure of material improvement among the producing classes which may be vainly sought for elsewhere out of Europe. That the taxation is heavy—but not oppressive—is admitted; and that, until lately, the methods of its collection have been often brutal may also be conceded. But apart from the traditional cruelty of tax-gathering all the East over, the Egyptian peasant has been noted in all time, from Cheops to Ismaïl, for his unwillingness to pay taxes at all. It is, in fact, a point of honour to bear any amount of "stick," if by so doing the impost, or any part of it, can be evaded. The fellah, indeed, who will not do so is despised by even his own wife as a poltroon, and if, after only a dozen or score of blows, he disgorges the coin which endurance of fifty might perhaps have saved, the conjugal estimate of his spirit is shared generally by his fellows. Hence a difficulty of no trifling importance in the way of the new financial administration. Those who know Egypt best believe that nothing short of "stick logic" will, as a rule, persuade a fellah to pay his dues, be they ever so equitable; and if Mr. Romaine and his colleagues will not use it, the chances are much against the revenue.

So happy, according to Mr. McCoan, are the fellaheen, so blessed is their lot above that of other Eastern peasantries, that they skittishly make it a point of honour not to pay their taxes unless they are thrashed into doing it. A fellah who pays his taxes without a knouting is a dishonoured man, and in proportion to the amount of knouting that he can bear without disgorging is the height at which he may carry his head among his brethren. Happy fellaheen! And if it so happens that the article for which the fellah refuses to pay tax is a date tree that has been cut down or has ceased to bear fruit, all the greater is his pride and happiness at having resisted the imposition to the fiftieth stroke of the stick.

The fellah is perfectly happy in his toil, Mr. McCoan says, and the Khedive, exemplary despot, works as hard as the meanest of his subjects. By way of increasing our respect for this active ruler, against whose "insatiate and prodigal rapacity" M. de Laveleye cries out, Mr. McCoan draws a fascinating picture of the unpretending chamber in the palace of Abdeen, where the Khedive transacts his business, and supplies us with a minute time-table of his ordinary working day:—

> Here his Highness takes his place every morning about eight o'clock, and receives first his sons—who are now respectively President of the Privy Council and Ministers of Finance, War, and Public Works—and after them, such of the other Ministers and chief functionaries as may have occasion to consult him or have been summoned to an audience. Then, on till noon, follow receptions of the Consuls-General and such other foreigners as have, or have not, received Consular introduction, and desire to see the great man either to gratify a traveller's curiosity or to propose a contract. At noon—which is announced by gun-fire from the Citadel—his Highness retires for an hour to breakfast, and thence afterwards, except on the rare afternoons when he takes a couple of hours' drive in a modest two-horse brougham or barouche down the Shoobra or Abbasieh road, he is again at his post, giving more audiences and transacting every sort of miscellaneous business till 7 P.M., when another hour is given to dinner, after which, if the day's work has been got through, he spends two or three hours, either back in the same room or out on the balcony in the balmy Cairene night, smoking and chatting affably with such of the Ministers or others who have the *libre entrée* as may drop in, and then to bed about eleven o'clock—or, if there be still business to be done, he again works at it from after dinner till midnight, or even later, with the whole staff of secretaries, chamberlains, and other officials kept at their posts till he finally retires for the night. During the twelve or fourteen hours thus given to positive work for certainly more than 300 days a year, there is, as has been said, hardly a detail of public business above the merest routine on which he is not consulted, and that he does not personally direct. He is, in fact, both sovereign and Minister in one—seeing everything, knowing everything, and ordering everything, for himself; the titular heads of departments being merely so many *chefs de cabinet*, who do little more than register and execute his will.
>
> The readiness with which his Highness receives almost everybody is one of the incidents of a visit to Cairo that most surprises and gratifies a stranger. You inscribe your name in a visitor's book in the room of the Assistant-Master of the Ceremonies down-stairs, and if you have the shadow of a fair pretext for an audience you are either ushered up after a short delay, or a time is fixed for your reception later. His Highness speaks French like a Parisian, and receives his visitor with a courtesy and affability that at once sets him at his ease, rising as he approaches, and motioning him either to a seat on the divan or to a chair near his own, according to the measure of consideration intended to be shown. Be you engineer, merchant, journalist, politician, practical agriculturist, or almost no matter what else, you will soon feel that you have met your match in special intelligence and information; while as regards Egypt itself, you will find that his Highness understands absolutely everything, from the niceties of its relation to the Porte to the best rotation of crops or the latest Liverpool price of "Fair Middling." How he has found time to acquire this encyclopædic information is a marvel; but there it is on almost every subject, as if he were a specialist in each. The audience over, you retire with the compelled conviction that if an "intelligent despotism" be under any circumstances the best form of government, Egypt could not well have a better autocrat than her present Khedive. You carry away, too, the feeling, that practically acute as he may be in all the details of business, the man is essentially a *grand seigneur*, full of a high personal pride, and animated by a dynastic ambition which is but thinly veiled by the tone of loyal respect in which he always speaks of the Porte. His Highness is now in his forty-seventh year, below the middle height, stout, though not at all unwieldy, and with nothing of an Eastern but the native dignity, in his easy and polished manners. "But (quite accurately wrote a recent interviewer) the eye is still clear and bright, and the mouth and jaw are those of a strong and determined character." There is essentially nothing weak about the man himself, and, whatever may be its other defects, weakness is also assuredly the last term that can be applied to his administration.

It is quite clear that the Khedive is full of energy, that he works hard, and yet is very affable to strangers, and no one can object to Mr. McCoan's dwelling upon the bright side of the picture. But there is also a dark side, about which Mr. McCoan might have been expected to say something. If all this energy were directed to promoting the welfare of his subjects, we should agree with Mr. McCoan that the Khedive is the best possible of autocrats. But Mr. McCoan has omitted to mention that the mainspring of the Khedive's exemplary industry is a personal haste to be rich. The schemes upon which he is busy during the greater part of his long working day have a more or less direct reference to the development of his own estates and the increase of his own fortune. It might be better for his poor subjects if he spent a greater number of hours in the harem. "The secret of much of the misery of Egypt," said one who knew the country even more intimately than Mr. McCoan, "is that the Khedive is not a Prince but a Merchant."

We shall take another opportunity of going into the details of Mr. McCoan's book. At present we must content ourselves with showing its marked bias in favour of the Khedive. This is apparent in every chapter. At every turn we hear of what the Khedive has done for Egypt, of the splendid public works he has built, of the immense impulse he has given to trade, and nothing of the cost to his subjects at which this semblance of prosperity has been achieved, nothing of the reckless caprice shown in the execution of his projects. Even when he mentions facts which are not to the credit of his Highness, they are so presented that the unsuspecting reader is invited to exclaim at the conclusion of the account, "What a splendid fellow the Khedive is!" Thus in his account of the Daïra-Sanieh, or Khedive's private estate, about a tenth part of the whole cultivated land of Egypt, Mr. McCoan is obliged to admit that the fellaheen who labour on this estate may be divided into two classes—those whose labour is forced, and who are never promised any wages, and those who are promised wages but do not receive them. "The wages of the rank and file range from about 6*d.* to 11*d.* a day—part paid in brown sugar or treacle—with a ration of bread; but although receipts for full payment are exacted from the respective sheikhs, and the amount is duly debited to the Daïra, it is notorious that much of the money earned never reaches the fellah's pockets. A large proportion, moreover, of the hands employed are furnished by *corvée*, and are therefore helpless against this and every other abuse." Mr. McCoan also admits that it is not only the working people who suffer; "as the factories are now managed, it is more than doubtful if any possible development of this industry can ever pay the Khedive a fair dividend on their enormous first cost. In his own interest and that of the country, his true policy would be to sell or lease the whole to private capitalists, under whose more careful control local opinion is confident they would yield large returns." Blame and salutary advice could not have been more delicately and deferentially conveyed if Mr. McCoan had been in the

Khedive's own room at Abdeen with a bowstring round his neck. And he winds it all up with the courteous remark that these factories are "splendid monuments of his Highness's private enterprise." It would evidently have been too much to expect Mr. McCoan to repeat the story that is told of his Highness's dealings with the English and the French contractors for some of the machinery employed in this enterprise, and which they say is characteristic of much that takes place in Egypt. One firm thought they had secured the contract, and conveyed their machinery to the spot. But meantime another firm had persuaded the Khedive that their machinery was much better, and they also got the order and delivered the goods. There is said to be a good deal of machinery lying about on the Daïra-Sanieh, as splendid monuments of autocratic fickleness.

A POLITICAL POEM.

Leszko the Bastard. A Tale of Polish Grief. By Alfred Austin. London: Chapman and Hall.

"Let me go in to see the generals," cries the Poet in Shakespeare's tragedy of *Julius Cæsar*. The news of the quarrel between Brutus and Cassius had spread through the camp; the Poet had heard of it; and he ran off at once to the tent where the two generals were wrangling, to persuade them to "love and be friends." It was not safe to leave them alone, and there was no man, he was certain, so likely to effect a reconciliation as himself. But when the Poet had thrust himself into the presence of the generals, he found his influence less powerful than he had imagined; he was thrust out as unceremoniously as he had thrust himself in. "Get you hence, sirrah," said Brutus; "saucy fellow, hence." Cassius, indeed, pleaded for the Poet: "Bear with him, Brutus; 'tis his fashion." But Brutus would have no forbearance:—

> I'll know his humour, when he knows his time:
> What should the wars do with these jigging fools?
> Companion, hence!

"What should the wars do with these jigging fools?" We are far from thinking Mr. Alfred Austin a fool; he has published some stimulating criticisms of poetry, a little too furious and unappreciative, perhaps, but still effective and stimulating, and he has "jigged" very pleasantly himself. But is he not of opinion, looking at the matter as a citizen and not as a poet, that the Eastern Question is already sufficiently complicated without adding to it the grief of Leszko the Bastard? Does Mr. Austin believe that he is doing a patriotic action by calling upon our generals at the present moment to avenge Leszko of his oppressors? At the end of this tale of Leszko's wrongs, which Mr. Austin puts into the sufferer's own mouth, he asks and answers a question as follows:—

> Now, do you ask why hence I fly
> To join the Moslem camp, and hurl
> My poor weak life, foredoomed to die,
> On those who Freedom's flag unfurl
> For Christian boor and Sclavic churl?—
> Out on the sacrilegious lie!
> Robbers, assassins, liars, slaves!
> Whose feet are fresh from outraged graves!
> Let those among you, dupes, or worse,
> Sucklings of falsehood, or its nurse,
> Believe that Russian arms can bear
> To others aught except a share
> In chains themselves consent to wear!
> Let them! But I! Did Tartar swords
> Storm hell, and Turkish steel defend,
> I would the infernal Cause befriend
> Against the worse than demon hordes
> Who to the damned would bring fresh curse,
> And enter hell, to make it worse!

After reading Leszko's story, we can quite understand and sympathise with his passion, and can forgive him, though not his poet, for the somewhat extravagant supposition of the Russians extending their dreams of annexation to the infernal regions. But while it is natural that he should be blinded by his passion, we are not so sure that Mr. Austin is to be commended for using this passion as a means of blinding the English people to their true concern in the struggle between Russian and Turk. Apart from the question of sane patriotism, a poet forgets his mission as a civilising agent when he uses whatever strength of language may be at his command to perpetuate in its most ferocious extravagance this savage thirst for revenge. Still the blood feuds of a barbarous stage of society will always have a natural attraction for writers of verse whose talent lies chiefly in strong language. We may concede this to them, but the concession must be subject to the understanding that they do not exercise their talent at inconvenient seasons.

Unless poets happen to be unusually sane, they render a service to themselves as well as to their countrymen by abstaining from subjects of immediate popular excitement. They may profitably remember this, when tempted to strike in with their troops of winged cavalry in aid of one side or the other in a raging battle. It would probably have been for the advantage of his art if Mr. Austin had chosen the facts for his tale of grief and revenge from more remote times. The image which we have quoted of an invasion of hell by the Russians has a hyperbolic insanity about it which would require a more powerful art than Mr. Austin's to render it tolerable. Thrown out upon the world all bare and naked, with no artistic garment whatever, but only a hideous tattoo of profane language, the conception is more ridiculous than impressive. By the way, in view of this comparison of Russians and Turks as administrators of the nether regions, has Mr. Austin ever heard the Hungarian apologue, in which the difference between the rule of a Catholic Kaiser and a Mohammedan Sultan receives a similar illustration. He will find it in Mr. Patterson's account of the Magyars, a book of a kind that poets would do well to master before interfering in political questions. "A man once saw his friend being carried bodily by the devil into hell. He commiserated him as one whose condition was already so bad that it admitted of no possible aggravation. 'Do not say so, my friend,' expostulated the sufferer; 'how would it be with me, if the devil were to set me down, and mounting on my shoulders, were to make me carry him into that place of torments?' My fellow-countrymen, the German is the fiend who carries us to our ruin, but the Turk is the fiend who must be carried."

From a literary point of view, "Leszko" is not the most remarkable of Mr. Austin's efforts. It is a vigorous imitation of Byron's rhymed tales, a good deal heavier than the work of the master, often driven to clumsy shifts by the exactions of a form which demands more than the writer's resources enable him easily to pay, yet not without a certain mechanical swing. Here, for example, is part of the description which Leszko's mother gives him of his father:—

> So like to you! The same blue eye,
> Same lavish locks, same forehead high,
> But of a manlier majesty!
> His limbs, like yours, were straight and strong,
> Yet supple as the bough in bud;
> For tyrants cannot tame the blood,
> Or noble lineage lose, through wrong
> Its heritage of hardihood.
> And maybe since his years were more,
> And partly that you needs must bear
> In every filial vein and pore
> With his pure strain the base alloy
> Of that in you which is *my* share,
> Though you are tall and comely, boy!
> Yet he was taller, comelier.
> In days that now but live in song,
> When Rurik's hinds felt Poland's heel,
> And Poland's horsemen, cased in steel,
> To Volo's plain were wont to throng,
> A hundred thousand manes in strength,
> And vowed, if Heaven let fall the sky,
> To uphold it on their lance's length
> As 'twere a silken canopy;
> His sires were there in gallant trim,
> Haught of mien and hard of limb—
> Visors up and foreheads gashed,
> Swords that poised, and swooped, and flashed,
> Like the wings of the flaming Cherubim!
> And when Imperial vultures tore
> With banded beaks Sarmatia's breast,

And wallowed in Sarmatia's gore,
His fathers by their fathers swore
  Ne'er to recede nor rest,
Till they had pushed the watchful points
Of vengeance in between the joints
Of armour dear to tyrants pricked
Of conscience never hushed nor tricked,
And made them feel what they inflict.
Vow sternly kept, but kept in vain!

Strong swinging verses, but there is little originality of phrase to show the hand of a master; nor do the rhymes fall with any fresh charm upon the reader familiar with Scott and Byron. Such lines as "in every filial vein and pore," are padding of the humblest sort, rough wooden chips thrust hastily in to keep the structure from falling. Mr. Austin makes a braver show to hide the poverty of his resources in such lines as these—

His sires were there in gallant trim,
Haught of mien, and hard of limb—
Visors up and foreheads gashed,
  Swords that poised, and swooped, and flashed.

Very accommodating of the swords to flash as well as poise and swoop, but why should the foreheads be gashed to make all these demonstrations on the part of the swords necessary?

In another passage, Mr. Austin rather pushes to an extreme an interrogative form which ought to be used with more discretion. It is part of the tale of Leszko's mother.

He loved me. Do you ask if I
His love returned? Go, ask the sky
If it in vain pours sun and shower
On herb and leaf, on tree and flower.
Go, ask of echo if it wakes
  When voice in lonely places calls;
Ask of the silence if it takes
  The sound of plashing waterfalls:
Ask the parched plains if they refuse
The solace of descending dews;
Ask the unrippled lake that lies
  Under faint fleecy clouds that flit,
If it reflects with tender eyes
  The heavenly forms that gaze on it;
But ask not me, &c.

The sorrowing lady's meaning would have been perfectly clear without so many illustrations, and her way of putting them is too much for the patience of the most sympathetic reader.

GERMAN LETTERS ON ENGLISH EDUCATION.

[*Second Notice.*]

German Letters on English Education. By Dr. L. Wiese. Translated by L. Schmitz, LL.D. London: W. Collins, Sons, and Co.

In our first notice of this book, we showed how education in Prussia is made entirely subservient to the interests of the State, and stated our reasons for preferring the English system of developing independence and self-reliance to the Prussian method, in which blind devotion and obedience to authority are the main features. And as Dr. Wiese had arrived at the same conclusion, we expressed some surprise that he should have made no mention of such establishments in Germany where these English qualities are developed in spite of the opposition of the Government—or, more correctly, in opposition to the Government principles. We are all the more surprised at this as the summing-up of Dr. Wiese's book results in the verdict that whilst the English system of education is superior to the Prussian, the Prussian—or, let us say, the German—method of instruction is far superior to that pursued in England. We are, therefore, unable to account for Dr. Wiese's omitting to mention an establishment that is well known throughout Germany, where these two systems are and have been combined with the happiest results. We allude to the school founded by Friedrich Fröbel, at Keilhau, in 1817—a school that has produced such men as Seebach and Fritsch, the geologists; Langethal, the botanist; Hans Schmidt, the classic and historian; George Ebers, the Egyptologist; Dr. Wichard Lange, of Hamburg, the pedagogue; Von Mühlen, the Minister of Public Instruction in Prussia—who, however, fell into the ways of reaction—to say nothing of the number of men who have attained a high position in the commercial and industrial world, such as the Von Borns in Westphalia, and Flinsch in Leipsic. There is scarcely a single town of commercial or industrial importance in the four quarters of the globe, where a Keilhauer may not be found doing well, and taking a prominent position in his trade or profession. They may be found in London, Manchester, Edinburgh, Paris, Cairo, Hong Kong, Lima, Oporto, in the Far West, in Australia, Java, Borneo, always in the van, and disseminating the principles of independence and culture instilled into them at Keilhau, and proving that those practical qualities so much admired in Englishmen, together with their independence and self-reliance, need not in the least suffer by the German method of tuition.

The school originated in the exchange of ideas between three men—Friedrich Fröbel, Heinrich Langethal, and Wilhelm Middendorf. Of Fröbel and his character and views it is unnecessary to say anything. Langethal was full of fire and energy; he had been one of *Lützow's Jäger*—the "*wilde verwegene Jagd*"—and was full of that fiery spirit of independence and patriotism that led to the expulsion of the French; Middendorf was of a more practical turn of mind, and thus the three complemented each other, Middendorf counteracting the dreamy idealism of Fröbel, and Langethal infusing spirit, energy, and independence into both. Freedom and self-reliance were the great principles animating all three, not only the love of freedom in its patriotic sense, but freedom in all the relations of life. This was the feature that characterised Keilhau of old; that characterised it in 1848; that characterises it still. It was owing to the success with which these principles were inculcated, that the circle whence Keilhau derived its pupils rapidly extended beyond that of the personal friends and relations who had entrusted their children to Fröbel as an experiment. But, as might be expected, men of such decided views and convictions as the three founders of the school were, did not agree on all points; besides which, none of them were good business men, so that, during the first years of its existence, the school was always in financial difficulties. Sometimes there was nothing for the boys to eat, and they had to go out into the fields and dig up potatoes for the common meal. Fröbel would always prefer buying educational apparatus rather than mutton for dinner, and indulge in building and extending the school beyond his means. At a critical moment there came to Keilhau a young student, intended by his father for the Church, who had heard much of Fröbel, and who was so delighted with him and the work done at Keilhau that he abandoned theology and devoted himself to education. This man was Dr. Johannes Barop, of Dortmund, Westphalia, who is the present director and proprietor of the school. Under his management the establishment rapidly progressed, and became more adapted to the exigencies of the present day without any of its fundamental principles being sacrificed. The development of individual freedom, self-reliance, practical knowledge and culture, is the object striven for in Keilhau. It is most successfully accomplished; and, premising that other schools follow the example thus set, with more or less success, we propose showing how it is done.

Keilhau is a small village, beautifully situated at the head of a valley, 3½ miles from Rudolstadt, in the heart of Thüringen, and within a day's walk of Weimar, Ilmenau, and Jena, and an easy walk of Schwarzburg and the cloisters of Paulinzelle. The mountains around it, the Ulm, the Kulm, Kirschberg, and Steiger, are covered with pine and fir; the valley dotted with orchards of plum, pear, apple, cherry, and walnut trees amongst the corn-fields and verdant meadows, in the midst of which gleams the little lake that has been artificially formed for a bathing-place, and is fed

by the Schaalbach and Moosbach. On the southern slopes of the Kirschberg—Cherry-hill—there are some vineyards; at the foot of the crags of the Ulm, a luxuriant growth of stately pines—here and there a spreading beech, or a feathery birch, with its white stem and brilliant green, delicately contrasting with the darker hues around—springs up out of a wilderness of mossy rocks, between which myriads of ferns creep up the precipitous slopes, and nestle amongst the crevices till replaced by lilies of the valley and gorgeous orchids. From the Steiger, the saddle separating the Keilhau valley from the Blankenburg basin, there is a magnificent view over the sea of forest-clad mountains, extending to the tower on the top of the Kickelhahn at Ilmenau, where Goethe wrote his verses, 'Ueber alle Gipfel ist Ruh'; whilst almost at one's feet arises the mediæval ruin of Greifenstein, on the top of a beech-clad hill, at the entrance of the romantic gorge of the Schwarza, leading to Schwarzburg and the Trippstein, whence there is a view which, for completeness and harmony, is not equalled by any other in the world.

The village of Keilhau, completely embowered in orchards, consists of some twenty or thirty houses, the elementary school, the church, and the *Institut* itself, an imposing complex of buildings, the gradual growth of years. Besides the school, Dr. Barop possesses several farms, and, in fact, owns the greater part of the parish. He grows his own corn, his own fuel, fruit and vegetables. He has some sixteen to twenty cows in his stables, to furnish the pure fresh milk which all the pupils are provided with at breakfast and at four o'clock. In short, all the articles of daily consumption for the members of the establishment, numbering over 120, are the produce of his own farms, or those of the villagers. Thus, as far as a healthy situation and wholesome plentiful food is concerned, Keilhau stands unrivalled. The bedrooms are all large, high, and airy; each boy, of course, has his separate bed. After the lessons are over, each does what he likes, and goes where he likes within the "Flur"—i.e. the parish—or even to the next village, Eichfeld. Beyond that he must have permission. Otherwise, the boys employ their free time as they like best. There are, on an average, eighty of them; all address Barop by the familiar "Du" (thou), just as they would their own fathers; and this custom continues in after life, when, as grown-up men, they visit the scene of their youth. Not a week passes without such a visit from some former member. Now it will be Julius Fröbel, or Gerstaecker the novelist and American traveller; now someone from Peru, Portugal, Holland, or Cuba; now from other parts of Germany, and so on, more than 300 having gathered together from all quarters of the globe on the fiftieth anniversary of the founding of the school.

Barop's possession of so much of the surrounding country immensely facilitates the freedom and development of the principles of self-reliance in his pupils. Everyone may choose as much ground as he likes on the mountain slopes, to cultivate or build upon. Thus, there are terraces upon terraces of gardens, summer-houses, and grottoes, built in choice spots—*Anlagen*, as they are called; each one in possession of a more or less skilfully constructed fireplace where various and sometimes fearful cooking operations are performed, and large quantities of eggs, milk, chocolate, and potatoes consumed. Boys and masters have their *Anlagen*, sometimes one alone, sometimes several together devoting themselves to the development of their grounds, the cultivation of flowers, fruit trees, the building of summer-houses, or the excavation of caverns; and so solidly are these works sometimes constructed that they last for years and years and are regularly bequeathed by those leaving school to those remaining, so that many a former pupil may see the work of his hands twenty years ago still carefully kept and extended, or the nucleus of more ambitious works. There is no better test of the powers of endurance, perseverance, and invention of a boy than the manner in which these *Anlagen* are kept. Stones have to be collected or quarried to build the terraces for the platforms and flower-beds on the mountain slopes; paths have to be cut, trenches dug to lead off the rain-water, reservoirs built by the more ambitious, or water carried up some 200 feet to water the flowers; and as a rule none of these flowers come to a premature end. In winter, there is the sledging down the mountain slopes, especially in the *Lange Wiese*, skating on the lake, and snowball battles after each side has chosen its positions as on a mimic field of battle. In all these contests the masters, if they please, take a part, not as masters, but as boys, and without the least loss of dignity or authority, so good is the tone of the school, where there is scarcely any punishment, the most being what is called "standing sentinel"—*Wachestehn*—on one of the landings. Corporal punishment does not exist, except on very rare occasions indeed, when it is administered by Barop himself, say about once in every five or six years, and never a second time. In the summer, the great amusement is the *Bergwacht*. In the forest on the Kulm there are three citadels, built of large stones in true cyclopean fashion, forming an inner and an outer ring, access to which is by a narrow passage, each of these citadels being at some distance, say fifteen minutes' walk, from each other. Each one has its garrison, commander-in-chief, *Hauptmann*, and lieutenants, who are armed with supple fir-stems some sixteen feet long, and their faces protected by fencing-masks. On the *Bergwacht* days, the whole school winds in procession up the mountain towards dusk, the captain of the first citadel makes a speech, and then the garrisons of the second and third Burg march off to victual them with divers hams, a barrel of beer, some bottles of wine, bread, cheese, and whatever else they may have been able to collect, and to light a large bonfire on an elevated fireplace within the inner ring to guard against the enemy's approach. The second and third Burg generally declare war by their heralds and trumpeters against the first Burg. This having been done, each party proceeds with its plan of campaign, organises its field-forces, outposts, reconnaissances, and storming parties, &c., and the war commences. The fighting consists in a sort of fencing with the fir-stems above-mentioned, the points, tough and supple, resting on the ground; as soon as one of the combatants is touched he is considered a prisoner, and is marched off by his captors, unless they are rescued by these captors being captured in turn before they have placed their prisoners in durance vile. All this time the bonfires are blazing merrily; many a feint is made; and when the field-forces are defeated, captured, or driven into their Burg, the grand assault takes place, the fort being captured as soon as one of the assaulters succeeds in penetrating into it without being touched. The campaign generally lasts two or three hours, and covers about a square mile of ground, so that when it is ended there is an enormous amount of appetite to be satisfied. This having been done, a second and a third campaign is entered upon, though on some occasions the battle has lasted through the whole night, and been resumed another day. Sunrise puts an end to the war; the combatants march down to a bath in the lake, a good breakfast, and an early bed. These are, of course, only the great occasions—perhaps three or four times in the year; but on a smaller scale, the *Bergwachten* takes place every week or fortnight during the summer months.

In the autumn—September 1—all the pupils start on their annual pedestrian tour. They are divided into three or four divisions according to their powers, which, with their boots, have been tested beforehand by a forced march—*Probegang*—with full knapsack. That shows conclusively to which party each may belong. Early on September 1 the whole school proceeds to the Steiger, and here they file off, merry, happy bands, singing and laughing, as they go into the wide world before them, some to Switzerland or the Tyrol, some to the Vosges and Black Forest, some to Rügen and the shores of the Baltic, some to the fair coasts of Italy, and the little ones—the *Panzen*, as they are called—wee little fellows, with wee little knapsacks—to do their four or five hours a day amidst the romantic scenes of the Harz or Thür-

inger Wald. When they have disappeared in the shadowy distance amidst the foliage of the valley below, Barop and his family, and those who for some reason or other do not accompany them, return to Keilhau, weirdly silent for a day or two, till it is handed over to the renovating mercies of plasterers, bricklayers, and charwomen, to prepare it for the winter campaign.

Then come the cold days, with their snows, and rain, and the long winter evenings, with the joy of joys—Christmas-time—looming in the distance. Then the leisure hours are devoted to other occupations. A carpenter and cabinet-maker comes over twice a week from Blankenburg—Meister Löhne is his name—with stores of soft wood and hard wood—with rosewood, mahogany, and ebony; and then there is a sound of planing and screwing, a smell of glue, and a buzz and a hum that is seen at Christmas-time to have resulted in the production of an alarming number of work-boxes, card-boxes, and glove-boxes for sisters, cousins, and mothers; cigar-cabinets, writing-desks, &c., for brothers and fathers; and pen-boxes and chess-boards or sledges for home consumption. Christmas is spent by nearly all the boys at Keilhau; only a few residing in the vicinity are allowed to go home. The great saloon is adorned with wreaths, garlands, bowers, and about a dozen large trees—the material for which the boys collect from the woods—and where each one has his appointed place at which, besides the gifts made by Barop and his family, are those from home, the big boxes opened in readiness, but not unpacked, and the presents made by the boys to each other. The saloon is lighted up at 7 A.M. on Christmas morning, and presents, with the transparencies of Scriptural subjects over the windows, a scene which once seen is never forgotten. Here boys and masters, Barop and his family, pass the ensuing fortnight. After that, there is a long spell of work, broken only by *Fastnacht*, the carnival, which is kept up by a masquerade. Then come the Easter holidays, which commence after Palm Sunday and the confirmations are over, and again Keilhau becomes silent for a month, whilst the boys are with their parents. Thus the year is accomplished—the year, as we may say, of free development, of free physical, mental, and moral development.

The link between this free development and school-work proper is furnished by the *Abend-Unterhaltungen* (evening recreations). These are "speech days" on a small scale, not got up for admiring friends, relations, and visitors, but for the enjoyment and benefit of the community itself. They are held every fortnight, the boys reciting passages from the Greek and Latin, German, French, and English authors, or acting a scene from some play, the whole diversified by pianoforte recitals and songs, solos, and choruses. In these *soirées* the masters also take a part, assisted by the *virtuosi* of the Prince of Rudolstadt's Kapelle, so that the boys become early acquainted with the *chefs-d'œuvre* of Beethoven, Mozart, and the other composers who are the glory of the German school. There is also a stage, constructed entirely by the boys, and the scenery painted by them in a most tasteful manner, which can be erected within an hour, for the representation of farces, operettas, and such classic pieces as *William Tell*, *Wallenstein's Lager*, the *Piccolomini*, &c. French and English plays are also very creditably performed, and in a spirit which shows how careful has been their instruction.

The boys rise in summer at 5.30. From 6–7 they have "Preparation" in the *Arbeitsaal*. From 7–8 lessons, either religion, arithmetic, or mathematics; from 8–9 breakfast, consisting of bread and milk, hot or cold, and *ad libitum*. From 9–12 lessons; from 12–2 bathing (in the summer) and dinner; from 2–4 lessons; from 4–5 bread and milk again; from 5–7.30 preparation for next day's lesson. At 7.30 supper; at 9 bed for the younger ones, and at 10 bed for all. No half-holidays. In the winter, the time for rising is 6.30, and the elder boys take their extra preparation from 9 to 10. The school is divided into two parts—the lower house and the upper house—the former for boys up to eight and nine years of age. Each class has its separate room, in which it receives all its lessons, between each of which there is an interval of eight minutes, and a rather longer one at 11 A.M. The boys all sit during the lesson, facing the black-board, and only rising when they answer a question. The master uses no book in class time, except when the boys use one also. He really delivers a lecture on whatever subject is in hand; the boys listen, are required to answer questions during its course, and by the next lesson are expected to be fully up in that section. If the lesson is French, English, Greek, or Latin, the master goes through the task with the boys, explaining whatever is necessary, and translating the exercises with them—during which, however, the boys are not allowed to write the translation down, or make more than the scantiest notes. In the following lesson they must know what was gone through in the preceding one. So it is in any subject: the master holds forth extempore, and helps the boys to learn their lessons, works with them as it were, and does not degenerate simply into a machine that "sets" and "hears" their tasks. The boys thus acquire a firm grasp and connected idea of their subject; it is not broken up into a mosaic of isolated dates and facts. Take, for instance, the Rhine. In England, the master would commence proceedings by asking where the Rhine rises. The reply will be on the St. Gotthard, and so on. But in Germany the question would be "Describe the Rhine." The answer would be in connected language—"The Rhine rises from three chief sources—two, the Vorder-Rhein and the Hinter-Rhein, between the St. Gotthard and the Camadra, and the third in the Adula group, east of the St. Gotthard. The Vorder-Rhein—the chief stream—runs north-east after taking up the Hinter-Rhein at Reichenau, as far as Coire, when it bends northward, taking up the Ill on its right, till it enters the lake of Constance, whence it flows westwards as far as Schaffhausen. Here it turns to the south, and forming a great cascade at Lauffen, receives the waters of the Thun," and so on. Another boy would now be called upon to take up the narrative, and thus the Rhine would be treated from the Alps to the German Ocean. And so in all subjects. The boys acquire a clear coherent view of the subject, a complete mental picture, which is not broken up into a number of fragments which they may, or may not, be able to put together like the pieces of a Chinese puzzle, and which is the result of the English system of "crams," "primers," "coaches," and competitive examinations.

The result of this combination of the principles of English education with German instruction in Keilhau is a free, frank, buoyant youth with all the elements in him to produce a man in every sense of the word. The Keilhau boys—and, we may add, those of Gumperda and Schnepfenthal—are as different from the little pedantic old men of the gymnasia and Government schools as is well possible to imagine. Whilst, on leaving Keilhau, the boys become men, the homunculi of the gymnasium become boys at the University when they are seventeen and eighteen years old, and indulge in those freaks that have made the German student an object of wonder to all other nations, and of unlimited admiration to himself.

It is quite possible that Dr. Wiese may have had Keilhau in his mind when he said that efforts were being successfully made to counteract the bureaucratic tendencies of German education. It is, however, quite certain that he can find no cause for admiring the English system of tuition. How he ridicules the custom of a number of boys collected in one room, all saying different lessons, shuffling about, one master trying to outcry the other, and so on, we must leave the reader to find out himself. Especially severe is he upon the fact that teachers in England are not obliged to pass an examination, and that this duty is left to private associations such as the College of Preceptors. As little as a man is allowed to practise as a doctor should a man be allowed to teach before proving his capacity to do so. Here Dr. Wiese thinks, and we agree

with him, that the State should intervene. We think that that is all which is necessary. No man should be allowed to teach without a licence—or diploma—and a certificate as to his moral character. Some very great rascals, especially amongst foreign masters, are engaged in tuition, and are productive of much harm. Dr. Wiese, in reference to this subject, meets Matthew Arnold's objection to the German system of inquiring into the official and unofficial antecedents of every master appointed, by saying that such inquiries are conducted in England by the individual who makes the appointment, and that there is no practical difference between the two systems. But there is a great difference; and Dr. Wiese gives us more credit than we deserve. He forgets the pernicious influence of the scholastic agencies. A man writes to one of these agencies who is desirous of obtaining a situation as, let us say, a French and German master. He is prepared to teach French and German thoroughly. Thereupon the agent turns over his books and finds that Mr. Smith wants a master for French, elementary German, elementary Latin, music, drawing, elementary mathematics, and a few other subjects. The applicant is unwilling to take the post, but he is ultimately persuaded to do so by the agent, and thus both applicant and employers get what neither want. But the agent gets his commission of 5 or 10 per cent., with the conviction that, by the end of the quarter, he will have both on his books again. Thus the game goes merrily on. It is the interest of the agent *not* to suit either; the more changes, the more commissions. No wonder that under a system by which every ne'er-do-well can become a schoolmaster by paying a shilling and a commission to an agent, the profession of teacher in England should be regarded as a profession for people who are unable to make a living in any other way. These evils cannot be remedied except by examinations and strict inquiries as to the teacher's acquirements and morals, and for this a State standard and Board are necessary. In Scotland, as Dr. Wiese observes, these things are much better managed. First of all, the salaries are much higher than in England, consequent upon such endowments as those of Dr. Fergusson and the Dick Bequest. James Dick left 120,000*l.* to increase the salaries of the parochial schoolmasters of Aberdeen, Banff, and Moray; and the trustees have made the very wise rule that this increase shall be received only after an examination in Greek, Latin, mathematics, and natural sciences. Altogether, Dr. Wiese thinks much more highly of the Scotch schools than he does of the English.

Here, however, we must close. For the rest of Dr. Wiese's objections to the English system of tuition we must refer our readers to the book itself. We cordially commend it, not only to the present generation of head-masters or assistant masters, but to the general public, and especially to those who have the control of schools and the cause of education and culture at heart. There is not a page in the book that will not amply repay perusal.

MASSTON.

Masston. A Story of These Modern Days. By A. J. Duffield and W. H. Pollock. In Two Volumes. London: Smith, Elder, and Co.

Of the twin authors of 'Masston,' Mr. Duffield is well known for his practical ability as a travelled "man of the world," in the best sense of that phrase, and also as an accomplished writer. His recent work, 'Peru in the Guano Age,' has but lately left the Press, and was soon followed by much important comment in the leading papers upon the valuable information it contained. To Mr. Duffield, therefore, with his world-wide experience of commercial enterprise, and its vast scope, either for the exercise of unsullied purity, or for nefarious speculation, we are probably indebted for that portion of the book before us which forms the basis on which the story rests. Mr. Pollock has the advantage of belonging to a family to whose hereditary claim for distinction the phrase "Pollock *oblige*" has been aptly applied; and as each gifted member of the race steps into the foreground, we look forward with calm security to his success, sooner or later, to whatever career he may betake himself. About five years ago, if we do not mistake, a small volume, called 'A Cast of the Dice,' appeared under the name of "Julian Walters." The joint authorship of this story was understood to be that of mother and son, the two Christian names being intermixed. Looking back on the impression it produced, we remember to have regretted that the story had not been dramatised; both writers appeared to us equally to have possessed a bias towards stage effect, which could have been turned to good account in that direction. The story was clever, and made its mark at the time, but was of a slight and unpretentious character. A little later, perhaps two years ago, a tale of remarkable ability, called "Lilith," by Mr. W. H. Pollock, appeared in *Temple Bar*; and here we became convinced that the young author was gifted with that rare touch of genius which is so often a source rather of pain and of misconstruction to its possessor than a high-road to the success that it deserves.

In "Lilith," with much imaginative conception and a vivid glow in its colouring, which gave high promise of fuller development, we were again impressed with the dramatic rather than the prosaic power of the writer; and even in 'Masston' we should have been glad to welcome the same story wrought into a drama and set before us on the stage, rather than to receive it at home in the form of these two pleasant-looking, olive-coloured volumes. We have read them, notwithstanding, with interest and amusement. Mr. Duffield's recent experience in Peru, evidently brought him face to face with mercantile chicanery on a scale as great in villany as that which he depicts in the conduct of the successful "merchant prince" of Masston. Robert Welsher Warner stands prominently before us as the best-finished character in the book. The opening chapter introduces him, while still in his early youth, already a hypocrite and a coward, calling on his fellow chorister, Benjamin Jeavons, to warn his father to "flee from the wrath to come." A fight ensues between the two lads, in which honest Benjamin is the victor, and Robert, "with an inflamed eye and a nose seven times as big as it was wont to be," poses himself as a martyr, and wins the protection of Parson Haydon, with the discomfiture and dismissal of his opponent. From this early scene the reader is able to infer something of the future history of the two young men. They are rivals in their attentions to Sarah Armstrong, who is the village belle, and the villain is successful here, as he continues to be for many years to come, in everything that he takes in hand, if by success is meant getting all he wants by whatever means, and being content to tread the crookedest path as long as the world believes he is taking the straight one. There are many clever touches and many flashes of talent in the whole narration, epithets and phrases which are singularly happy, but the book is not intended to be read for mere amusement. It is written with some sternness of purpose, and cuts deep into the darker side of human life. It is seldom that a novel can be found fault with for being too short, but in 'Masston' we could often wish for more elaboration of detail. Salient incidents, which would well bear working up, are too briskly stated, as if from fear of becoming tedious; witness the affecting but too hastily-told account of Sarah's boy running away from his protector's house, which is merely narrated at second-hand. This is the more to be regretted, because wherever an important situation is duly expanded and allowed to take its proper position in the book, we find it is always well and incisively done. Take, for example, Chapter VII., Vol. II., where the loss of a pocket-book has thrown discredit on the firm. The secret of Warner's power is clearly shown forth in the vigour and presence of mind with which his orders are issued.

"The men must search the men, the women the women. You boys, all fall in on one side." . . . Warner was carried out of his artificial self, and the real Robert Warner, who had lain concealed beneath the veneer of refinement, religion, and respectability with which, by the aid of a commercial people, he had been able to

coat himself, appeared in his true colours. Even to himself did this appearance come with as much surprise as it could have borne to those who had watched his career from its very beginning. Shaking himself free, as if from some momentary danger or weakness, he called out in a loud imperious voice, "Where is Mr. Reklow?"

"Here, Sir."

"I do not see Mr. Blanchard?"

"He is in his room, Sir," answered Mr. Reklow, in a low voice.

"Send for him at once. It is my desire that all be present at this investigation. I wish to be surrounded by all my people."

Warner said this with a haughty toss of the head, and a fling in the air of his right arm, evidently intended for the much-enduring Lord Limehouse who stood wrapped in sadness close by. The carnival of search went on. Men and women were standing in grotesque attitudes, with their pockets turned inside out.

All this scene is spirited and graphic, and belongs to the dramatic capabilities of the story, to which we have already alluded.

There is a curious tendency in writers of fiction to make their best characters commit just one strangely inconsistent fault of provokingly serious importance in its consequences. Mrs. Gaskell was remarkably addicted to this peculiarity in several of her delightful stories. In Miss Edgeworth's 'Helen,' a similar example may be found. In 'Masston,' therefore, the excellent Dr. Cumberladge, for no adequate motive that we can see to give even the semblance of excuse for it, allows himself to enact a lie, and to inflict the pain of robbing Sarah Armstrong of her child, by allowing her to believe that he is dead. Mrs. Cumberladge, who is also represented as of admirable conduct in every other respect, is induced to submit to a transaction against which "the instincts of her nature rose in revolt."

From our own point of view we should venture to object that Warner's persistent hypocrisy needs the fuller contrast of firmer virtue and a higher standard in the right-minded personages of this story, who are described, however, with a lightness of touch which is often very charming. The affection and harmony between the two sisters Julia and Edith, in spite of their totally opposite opinions, is very natural and pretty. There is much lively talk, and much sharp satire, which to many readers may be even dangerously attractive. For our own part, we prefer such simple bits of description as that of the two boys, Hugh and Shirley, for instance, in Vol. II., p. 26–7; or the trial scene, Vol. II., Chapter II., which reads with the freshness of reality. "Presently," we are told, "amid all the pomp which in those days belonged to a Judge, the Sheriff's carriage rolled up, and from it descended a tall old man robed in scarlet, whose face was as inscrutable as the pale sky which hung above them all. He passed in, and a pushing crowd followed him." The whole of the scene which follows is very cleverly written, with an ease and freedom from exaggeration which is rarely found in such descriptions.

Mr. Duffield's vigorous pen and wide experience of men and things will no doubt bring him frequently before the public; and however cleverly executed a joint composition may be, we must own we shall hope to meet each author again under the distinct individuality of singlehanded execution. The most original writer must be more or less influenced by his *collaborateur*, and where each can stand so well alone, it is a pity to become Siamese. We should prefer to welcome Mr. Pollock in the more congenial atmosphere of pure fiction, and with a high ideal before him, to which his poetic temperament especially lends itself, rather than wielding the lance against commercial fraudulence or satirising Low Church fanaticism.

MINOR NOTICES.

Antar and Zara, and other Poems. The Fall of Rora, and other Poems. By Aubrey de Vere. (Henry S. King and Co.)—Mr. Aubrey de Vere is a very charming poet, but if he were not so charming as he is he would still deserve signal recognition for the fact that he is entirely original; he stands alone, apart from other modern poets, unaffected by their work and wholly without tinge of their mannerisms. Indeed, Mr. de Vere seems almost to belong more to that past generation, which had Byron for the presiding star, which possessed Keats, and Coleridge, and Shelley, and knew the ready fluency of Southey and the facile grace of Moore. "Antar and Zara, or the only True Lovers," is an Eastern romance, composed in songs sung alternately by lover and lady that for beauty of lyrical expression and melody recall some of the best of "Lalla Rookh." It is somewhat the fashion now to speak slightingly of Moore by those who, unacquainted with poems not in accord with the particular fancy of the day, are ignorant of the beauty and genuine poetic merit they contain, but we scarcely think Mr. Aubrey de Vere would object to being compared to Moore for grace of expression and music. The very first poem the lover sings is so happy an example that it may be quoted at once:—

O wind of night! what doth she at this hour
In those high towers half lost in rock and brake?
Where is she? Sits she lonely in her bower?
If she sits pensive, is it for my sake?

Perchance she joins the dance with other maids;
With whom? By whose are those white fingers pressed?
Perhaps for sleep her tresses she unbraids,
While moonbeams fill the chamber of her rest.

Tell her, O wind, that I have laid my head
Here, on the rough stem of the prostrate pine,
Which leans across the dried-up torrent's bed,
And dream at times her face and dream it mine.

Once in the palm-grove she looked back on me;
A wild brier caught her zone. I saw it fall!
Large is the earth, the sun, the stars, the sea—
For me that rosy girdle clasps them all.

The third song, contrasting his lady with a cypress, a rose tree, a swan, and a nightingale, is perfect in itself, and indeed all are beautiful; but so too are the songs of the lady. The four lines beginning one of her songs—

Love bound a veil above my brow;
He wrapt it round me, o'er and o'er;
He said, "My little nun art thou,
My solitary evermore"—

are exquisite in their way as a Greek epigram. Mr. De Vere's Irish poems labour under the disadvantage that seems to overtake all who undertake to sing subjects of Irish history; it is a wonderful and a strikingly eventful history, but it does not somehow seem to lend itself to song; still, Mr. de Vere is able to make much of it. "Inisfail" contains a great deal that is full of vigour and beauty, even when the inspiration of the poet does not seem to wholly accord with the theme of his songs. One of the best, the second of the poems, called "Florence MacCarthy's farewell to his English love," has little in it of necessary connexion with Ireland.

We *seem* to tread the self-same street,
To pace the self-same courts or grass;
Parting, our hands appear to meet:
O Vanitatum Vanitas!

Distant as earth from heaven—or hell—
From thee the things to me most dear:
Ghost-thronged Cocytus, and thy will
Between us rush. We might be near.

Thy world is fair: my thoughts refuse
To dance its dance or drink its wine;
Nor canst thou hear the reeds and yews,
That sigh to me from lands not thine.

But on the whole we prefer the second volume of poems, if only for the sake of "The Search after Proserpine," a masque full of delicate beauty and fruitful in subtle suggestion of Hellas, graceful alike in form and language, and the charming "Recollections of Greece," whose three Greek Idyls are perhaps as beautiful as anything Mr. de Vere has ever written. Never, perhaps, has the myth of Demeter's search for her daughter been more nobly treated, and whether in the rhymed choruses of the nymphs, or in the firm, stately blank verse of Ceres and the other speakers, Mr. de Vere shows equally a complete appreciation and a masterly handling of his subject. We must quote the concluding speech of Iris:—

I see the end, and therefore I am glad;
I, that look down into the smallest dew-drop,
Yet in my bright cord clasp the end of all:
And, whether I descend the adorned cradle

Of some young flower to rock, or fatally
To cut the locks of some expiring king,
My task is kind, and Comforter my name.
Fear nought; Proserpina shall rise once more;
For Jove is clement, and a mother's prayers,
Ofttimes of fateful power against the Fates.
One half the year in darkness dwells she, throned
A queen; one-half she plays, a child on Earth,
Flower-crowned, and constant 'mid inconstancy,
Whether Narcissus now, or Daffodil,
Her choice persuade, or mysteries in the cups
Of Cowslips through thick honey scarce espied,
Or Primroses moon-lighted all day long,
Or fabled Pansy, or Anemone
Wind chidden, or the red all-conquering Rose
Enchain her youthful heart—or other flowers,
Named on the Earth, but nameless still in Heaven,
Subdue her, each in turn or all at once.
Mild nymphs, farewell! To Juno, large-eyed Queen,
Whose Herald fair I boast myself, once more
I speed.

Mr. de Vere injures his style by too frequent inversion. Had we space much remains to be said of his Sonnets, so justly remarkable for their purity of form.

Out of School at Eton. By some Present Etonians. (Sampson Low and Co.)—This little book, published "from a desire to prove that literary talent, or, at any rate, literary spirit, is not extinct at Eton, and that Eton boys can find interest in other occupations than the mere ordinary routine of work and play," may be regarded as a companion or complement to the now famous 'Day of My Life.' It was probably the success of that book which has caused the appearance of this; once plunged into the world of letters, Eton is determined not to abandon its attempt. This little volume is not so amusing as the 'Day of My Life,' but it is amusing enough to be worth reading and enjoying—some of it. The contents resemble the contents of all college or school magazines; there are the usual poems and the usual essays, all of a more or less humorous tone, with which we are so familiar. It is, however, as a rule, just as well that the bent of such works should be humorous, for the examples of the tragic or the tender are but seldom happy, and such is somewhat, though not altogether, the case with the book before us. The funny parts are generally the best; in the serious portions of the work the success is not very marked, and the writers seem to be weighed down by a certain feeling of uneasiness in their task, as if they wanted to be as poetic as possible and yet to avoid being chaffed for sentimentality. The article entitled "Novacastellana, being the Diary of a Week's 'Sapping' for the Newcastle Scholarship," is exceedingly good from the delightfully exaggerated point of view, and recalls the pleasant pages of "A Day of my Life." Very amusing is the scene between the narrator and a fellow-student, Smith, who comes in to put the narrator up to some "tips" for the scholarship. "His first question was, 'By what Latin authors is reference made to Johannes Gilpinus?' I rose to the occasion, and promptly referred him to Horace, Ode I., Book III., 'Post equitem sedet atra cura.' He looked queer, but persevered, maintaining that the Romans had a four-in-hand club and a Rotten Row. This I emphatically denied, but he, with exultation blazing from every feature of his countenance, pulled a Virgil out of his pocket, and pointing to 'Georgic III.,' line 106, exclaimed, 'There! read that.' I obeyed, and read—

Illi instant verbere torto,
Et proni dant lora; volat vi fervidus axis.
Nec mora nec requies; at fulvae nimbus arenae
Tollitur.

This was rather a crusher, but I bided my time, and on his asking who was the most unctuous of the Greeks, I snatched up the now welcome Virgil, and disdaining such small fry as the Georgics, turned to 'Æneid I.,' where at the forty-first line I triumphantly read, 'Ajacis Oilei.' He retired crestfallen; I took a little necessary refreshment." There are many other things, humorous and serious, that call for comment did space permit; among the latter, exceedingly pretty is a poem called "A Valentine."

MUSIC.

THE PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.

The last concert for the season of this Society took place on Monday evening before a crowded audience. The first piece of the programme was Joachim's so-called "Elegiac" overture, written in memory of the dramatic poet Heinrich von Kleist, and first performed at Cambridge when the degree of Doctor in Music was conferred on the composer. We have on that occasion spoken of the merits of the work. A second hearing confirmed our favourable opinion. The overture is remarkable for the artistic modelling of its melodious and harmonious materials, which reminds one of the absolute finish of antique statuary. To depict a life so stormy and a death so tragic as those of Kleist, more passionate strains might seem required, but there is a vein of sentiment running through the whole conception which is as sympathetic as it is genuine. Another interesting feature of the evening was the performance of Beethoven's Pianoforte Concerto in C minor by M. J. Wieniawski, the brother of the celebrated violinist, who made his *début* in London at the New Philharmonic Concerts some weeks ago. On that occasion he played a somewhat noisy composition by Litolff, called Concert Symphonique, a work of no intrinsic value and at the same time little adapted to show the pianist's peculiar merits, which consist chiefly in technical finish and a thoughtful entering into the composer's intentions. Combined with these qualities M. Wieniawski possesses an elasticity of touch which gives life and interest to his performance and somewhat compensates for the absence of high poetic impulse. M. Wieniawski is not a sensational player like Rubinstein, nor a re-creator on the piano like Liszt, but a more satisfactory interpreter of classic music of the simpler type cannot well be imagined, and for that reason the choice of Beethoven's earlier concerto was highly commendable. The slow movement was delivered with much feeling, and in the florid passages of the final rondo the pianist displayed his full command of the bravura style in the most advantageous light. As a teacher of his instrument, in which capacity he is employed at the Conservatoire of Warsaw, M. Wieniawski must be invaluable.

The other solo instrumentalist of the evening was Mlle. Marguerite Pommereul, who, at very short notice, took the place of Professor Wilhelmj, the latter being prevented by illness from appearing. Mlle. Pommereul who, during her first season in London, has succeeded in gaining considerable reputation, proved herself to be an accomplished violinist. Her technique is irreproachable, and her phrasing evinces musical intelligence; nothing but physical strength is wanting to give fullness and beauty to her tone. This the extremely youthful artist will no doubt acquire in time. She played on the present occasion M. Vieuxtemps' "Ballade et Polonaise de Concert, Op. 38," for violin and orchestra, a somewhat long-winded and not very interesting production, but well written for the instrument of which the composer is one of the foremost living representatives. Mlle. Catherine Penna's vocal performances do not call for comment, beyond a serious word of advice to the directors of the Philharmonic Society not to let good nature prevail over discrimination in their engagements of artists. The orchestral renderings at these concerts are by no means of such uniform excellence as to make the choice of singers a matter of minor importance. Mr. Santley, the other vocalist of the concert, was in good voice, and his rendering of Haydn's aria, "Il pensier sta negli oggetti," from *Orfeo ed Euridice*, could not have been in more artistic style. He also gave Mr. Sullivan's popular setting of Felicia Hemans's "Thou art passing hence, my brother," the accompaniment having been skilfully arranged for full band by the composer. The entering of the brass in the last verse especially is of excellent effect. Mr. Sullivan's name inevitably reminds one of the undeserved neglect with which his and his English fellow-

composers' works have again been treated by England's foremost concert institute. It would be difficult to explain to the intelligent foreigner that, and why Mr. Sullivan's exquisite symphony in E Minor has never yet been heard at the Philharmonic Concerts. Still more awkward would it be to account for the performance, in preference to such a work, of so deplorable a production as the symphony of M. Silas, the Dutch composer. Altogether the list of new works heard during the past season does not reflect favourably on the judgment and taste of the Philharmonic leaders. No system or rule of any kind is observable. We are the last to advocate the narrow-mindedness of partisanship, but the most liberal eclecticism ought to insist at least upon a certain standard of excellence. The necessity of a new departure in some direction becomes more evident every year; without it the reputation of this old established Society cannot be expected to survive much longer. Fortunately for it, and unfortunately for the public, the rival institutes in London do not as yet offer any dangerous competition. To hear classic and modern music performed with all but unvarying excellence we still have to journey to Sydenham.

DRAMA.

"DAN'L DRUCE" AT THE STANDARD THEATRE.

The German critic who said that in order to appreciate any new play it was necessary to see it, after the first time, over again with quite different actors, had truth on his side. The apparent success of a play is due so often to admirable acting that an author may obtain quite a fame as a dramatist, owing solely to the strength of his company, and many a fair reputation may be unmade by new and inferior actors. It was, therefore, certainly interesting to see *Dan'l Druce* at the Standard Theatre without a single member of the original Haymarket company taking part in it. *Dan'l Druce* is as good an acting play, and at the same time offends as often against the laws of dramatic art, as any modern play of recent years, but it was altogether so admirably acted at the Haymarket Theatre that its defects passed with little notice. These become more apparent at the Standard Theatre, where, with two exceptions, the company is in every way inferior to the original; but, on the other hand, it must be observed that its genuine merit becomes only the more apparent, so that *Dan'l Druce* may be considered to have come through its double test very well. We had occasion before to notice Mr. Forrester's acting of Dan'l Druce when he succeeded Mr. Vezin at the Haymarket, and the opinion we then gave remains unchanged. Mr. Vandenhoff, who acts the Geoffrey Wynyard, is, however, equally bad, and both are excelled in bad acting by Mr. Wood, who turns the part of Reuben Haines, of which Mr. Odell made such an artistic creation, into that of the regular conventional comic stage servant. The two exceptions are Mr. Fisher, who is, on the whole, better than Mr. Howe as Sir Jasper Coombe, and Miss Florence Terry, whose Dorothy is certainly not inferior to her sister's. That her acting of the part resembles that of her sister is, of course, only to be expected, but it is very far from being an imitation. The same observation holds true of her acting, after *Dan'l Druce*, of Jane Northcote in another of Mr. Gilbert's plays, *Sweethearts*, a part in which Mrs. Bancroft delighted London a few years ago. Here Miss Terry's acting is especially pleasing. Without the least suggestion of an attempt to in any way rival Mrs. Bancroft, Miss Terry also avoids the other danger of imitation, and gives an exceedingly graceful and artistic rendering of the heroine.

The Teatro delle Loge of Florence has, out of compliment to the famous tragedian, changed its name to that of Teatro Tomasso Salvini.

VARIORUM NOTES.

The voice of the telephone has at length been heard in London. On Thursday a private trial was made at the Queen's Theatre of the instrument invented by Mr. Cromwell Varley, preliminary to its being used in Mr. Riviere's Promenade Concerts. The wires lead to the Canterbury Hall, but on Thursday they were coupled up at that end, so that both ends of the circuit were at the Queen's. Mr. Varley's telephone is of the same character as the American one of Elisha Gray, and cannot be said to be the highest development of the instrument. It does not reproduce sounds played or spoken into it, but merely gives out, at one end of the line, notes produced by the operator at the other end. It is, in fact, an electric organ with a very long interval between the key-board and the sounding apparatus. In this respect it is decidedly inferior to Graham Bell's apparatus, which reproduces spoken words as well as the notes of any instrument played close to it. The chief novelty of Mr. Varley's instrument consists in the way he produces the sound at the receiving end of his line. This is done by passing a current of high tension electricity into a "condenser" of tinfoil sheets alternating with paraffined paper—the usual construction of condensers—when he has found that rapid pulsations of the current cause vibrations in the condenser which set up a musical note. His sounding apparatus, by which he throws into circuit a tuning-fork, vibrating at the rate required for each particular note, is less striking and original. Of course Mr. Varley claims the whole invention of the telephone, but electricians say that there is nothing in the whole range of their science which is not claimed in one of Mr. Varley's monthly patents.

Monsignor Capel is engaged upon a pamphlet, to be entitled 'The Priest in Absolution,' which will shortly be published. The pamphlet will be most interesting, setting forth, as it will, the Catholic feeling towards this latest disagreeable production of Ritualism, as embodied in the Society of the Holy Cross.

An invalid lady living at the West End was greatly disturbed the other evening by uproarious mirth in the servants' hall. Having in vain rung repeatedly for her maid, she at last made her way to the basement. Here is the spectacle that presented itself to her horrified eyes. Cook, with 'The Priest in Absolution' in her fat hand, was catechising the page-boy from that delectable manual, and the shrieks of laughter the lady had overheard upstairs proceeded from the remainder of the household, male and female. On inquiry, she discovered that each servant had to play the part of penitent in turn, except the cook, who always discharged the duties of father confessor. Why this exception? Because "cook knows what the book means better than any of us." It seems from this that there must be some connexion between Ritualism and cookery; perhaps the link of sympathy joining the two may be traced to the fact that both dabble a good deal in hot water.

Among the books which may be expected next publishing season, is a biography of Prince Bismarck, by an emiment although hitherto anonymous publicist, who is declared to have been for the last few months in active correspondence with the German Chancellor. It is said that the writer will make a point of showing the effect of the undoubtedly Slav origin of the Bismarck family upon the character and career of its most eminent representative.

Can anyone construe the following sentence in Lord Beaconsfield's letter to Sir Stafford Northcote, which the latter sent to the *Daily News* last Saturday:—"I remember meeting Count Seebach, for the first time, at Paris after the Crimean War; and when, by-the-by, there never was less prospect of a change in the Ministry of England." What is the construction of "and when, by-the-by, there never was less prospect of a change," &c., &c.? What is a time when there never was less prospect? No doubt Lord Beaconsfield means to say that there never was a time which had less prospect of a change than that time; but his way of expressing himself is something bewildering.

The well-known New York magazine, the *Galaxy*, has a note on the recent appearance of General Grant in London, and the brilliancy of his reception. After enumerating the various honours and attentions he received, all of which the magazine considers as another example of the power of success, it dryly adds, "It would be an amusing piece of cruelty if General Grant were to look up a few copies of the London *Times* and the *Saturday Review*, and other daily and weekly newspapers published in 1862, 1863, and 1864, and read aloud from them to his royal and noble hosts and flatterers certain passages in which he and his countrymen were spoken of at that time." The result would not be very flattering to us; but then we had not paid the *Alabama* claims.

The Colorado beetle seems to have worked out for himself a system of "traditional policy," or "manifest destiny," from which he will not desist. His aim and object is the conquest of Europe; more particularly of Ireland, where he has the best chance of establishing his claim as "the potato bug." No danger deters him; no sacrifice is too great for him, in order to achieve the long-sought-for triumph of his race on the soil of the Old World. A few days ago, one of these bold pioneers arrived at Rotterdam in a chest of onions, where he had craftily ensconced himself, *faisant le mort*. On being detected, he was court-martialled, and the chest of onions subjected to cremation. Another Colorado beetle allowed himself to be sent in a band-box from America to Rotterdam, without any supply of food. Yet in spite of the utter want of a commissariat, he was found, on arrival, to be alive and kicking. Atlantic steamers are boarded by this enterprising insect in a truly death-defying manner. At the Glasgow Police Board, the Lord Provost has just testified to having seen thousands of these beetles heaped upon the American shores, as they had been washed in, after attempting to cross the ocean. While returning home from New York, he had seen them on board the second day at sea. After this, if the fine specimen of an insect found on Tuesday, July 10, on the quay at Dublin, crawling upon a rope in the Liverpool Docks, had proved to be the Colorado stranger, it would have been nothing wonderful.

Colorado, now famous chiefly for its beetle, may boast the additional attraction of possessing a dramatist. This gentleman, Mr. John Lynd, has published a play entitled *Brantley*, which we learn from an American account to be a very remarkable production. In one part Brantley is in the room of a priest in Rome, when the ghost of a Protestant divine enters, and winds up his observations by saying,

> The Press is now the Teacher, not the Pulpit,
> Alas, alas! oh! oh! oh! oh-h-h! alas!

Which would suit fairly well for the wail of a devotee of the 'Priest in Absolution.' It is also added that it would take about twenty magazine pages to narrate the number of incidents contained in the five acts of this promising specimen of western drama.

Those who go in for practical use as beyond all other things have set their eyes upon Niagara. It has been calculated by Dr. C. W. Siemens that the falls does as much work as 266,000,000 tons of coals could do in a year at the rate of four pounds per horse-power consumption of fuel in an hour. Dr. Siemens objects to so much force being wasted, and his proposition is that the water might be made to drive an electrical machine at the falls, the current from which would traverse a copper rod. He has calculated that a rod three inches in diameter would transmit 1,000 horse-power as far as thirty miles, and that at the end the electricity could be used to produce motion or light, the quantity of electricity being sufficient for about 250,000 candle-power. This view of a cataract is not quite new, but it is sufficiently rare to be interesting.

We are asked to state that the Sunday Shakspere Society, a branch of the New Shakspere Society, visited Cleveden last Sunday, by permission of the Duke of Westminster. They read the *Tempest*, drank tea, and returned to town highly delighted with the scenery and themselves. The words "tempest" and "teapot" go naturally together in any record of the proceedings of any branch of this wonderful society. But are they all sure that the *Tempest* was written by Shakespeare? Is none of them prepared to read a paper showing that it was the work of Anthony Munday, in conjunction with Lord Burleigh?

At Bunzlau, in Silesia, a monument has been raised in honour of Martin Opitz, to whom once the name of the "Father of German Poetry" was given. This appellation is, no doubt, a very erroneous one; seeing that Opitz von Boberfeld, who lived between 1597 and 1639, was preceded by the master-singers, the great minne-singers, and the unknown poets of the national epic lays. He has, however, had the undoubted merit of restoring the German muse during a troublous epoch when the learned classes had become estranged from the popular spirit. He made the language which Luther had fixed more firmly the vehicle of poetical production. He also purified the national idiom from the admixture of words of Latin origin which had profusely crept into it. The rules of prosody, which are even now valid, were in a great measure established by him. It is all the more strange that, in the selection of his subjects, and in the manner of their treatment, he should have been so much of an imitator of foreign models. A learned work of his, on Dacian Antiquities, which he wrote when occupying a Professorship of Philosophy in Transylvania, is unfortunately lost. Some of his best poems, many of which were *pièces d'occasion*, were those in which he alludes to the sufferings of his sorely distracted fatherland. Though a Protestant, Opitz was for a time the Secretary of the Burgrave of Dohna, who acted zealously and even cruelly in the Papal interest. Firm adhesion to principles was not the *forte* of the "Swan of Silesia." An appeal of his, "To the Germans" ("Auf, auf, wer teutsche Freiheit liebet") only appeared after his death; the poet having kept it back during his lifetime from prudential motives.

Mr. Robert Dale Owen, the son of the celebrated Robert Owen, who has just died at the age of seventy-six, was eminent in America as a politician, and during the Civil War he devoted himself earnestly to the Federal Cause. Of recent years his attention had been given very much to spiritualism, in which he was a great believer until the "Katie King" exposure, which made a very painful impression upon him; so strongly, indeed, was he moved by the disclosure, and the proof that he had been deceived, that it was said that his reason became affected. Among his most important works are the 'New Views of Society,' published in 1825, 'Footfalls on the Boundaries of Another World,' published in 1859; and various works upholding the cause of abolition. In 1870, he published a novel that had considerable success at the time —'Beyond the Breakers.'

It fortunately is not always true that a prophet has no honour in his own country. Colonel Chester, the antiquary, explorer of the Westminster Abbey Registers, a man thoroughly deserving of honour, has just received the degree of LL.D. from Columbia College, New York, one of the few learned institutions in America that are chary of conferring their highest degrees, which consequently have an exceptional value.

A good step in advance has been made in Germany with regard to the higher education of girls. Whilst primary schools are established everywhere in Germany, by State-law, for the compulsory attendance of children of both sexes, there has been hitherto no law for the establishment of higher educational institutions for the female sex. In some German States, the communal authorities have, however, taken the initiative in this respect, founding grammar-schools on the same principle, and with a similar class of teachers, as those existing for boys. In the Grand Duchy of Baden, a State-law now ordains the establishment of Middle Schools for Girls, with a seven years' course of tuition. The majority of the professors employed in them must be men of Academic training; or, if ladies, be teachers that have passed strict examinations. The communes are allowed the right of presenting, or recommending, professors and teachers. They also have to choose the Board of Supervision, into which ladies may be elected. These new Higher Schools for Girls are to receive subvention from the State Exchequer, like the corresponding institutions

for boys. Seminaries for the training of lady professors are to be founded in connexion with these new educational establishments.

The latest story about Mr. Ruskin is that, while he has given up the tea-trade, he intends to do his best to supply the world with good coffee, although it has yet to be seen how and when he will do this. No doubt he has an excellent political intention in this, for it should not be forgotten that it is coffee that—

Makes the politician wise,
And see through all things with his half-shut eyes.

The Pan-Presbyterian Council in Edinburgh may be said to be the *reductio ad absurdum* of the popular orthodoxy of the period. Hardly anyone can blame it for not being orthodox enough. An Aberdeen professor, Dr. Milligan, had the courage or temerity to say something which seemed to indicate a wish for the relaxation of creeds, but he was howled down, and the elegant and eloquent Free Church leader, Dr. Begg, had the good taste to hint that the celebrated stool of Mrs. Jennie Geddes, which is identified with the downfall of Episcopacy in Scotland, could "fell a Dean yet."

Another of Scotland's eccentrics has passed away in the person of Mr. Peter Drummond, a fashionable seedsman in the fashionable little town of Stirling. Mr. Drummond not only sold seeds, but he endeavoured to sell what is ordinarily known as the "seed of the Word," in the shape of ultra-Evangelistic tracts and periodicals, bearing such interesting titles as "The Gospel Trumpet." These literary efforts, which all appeared in large type, seem to have paid Mr. Drummond well enough; and he probably paved the way for Messrs. Moody and Sankey.

The special correspondent of the *Standard* at the Turkish headquarters is apparently of a confidential disposition, if we may judge from a few sentences from one of his recent letters. The correspondent has a young Circassian, who is greatly grieved because he is not allowed to accompany the correspondent to Kars:—"The suspicion now crossed me that he was in love. Those who think of love, remember also forbidden love. Ah, how long, long ago it is since I, a young officer, left the camp one night and undertook a break-neck ride only to gaze at 'her' shadow through the window. Then I was in danger of punishment by death, but now perhaps a more honourable fate awaited me." There is not the least reason why a special correspondent should not be "of temper amorous as the month of May," like the hero of Tennyson's "Princess." But it certainly might be thought that the letter to a daily paper is hardly the place in which to indulge in tender reminiscences of "her."

The *Daily News*, in a notice of the 'Charlotte Brontë' of Mr. Wemyss Reed, that shows a true appreciation of all the Brontës, makes, however, we think, a mistake in saying that "Charlotte Brontë is, we fear, to the new generation, almost unknown as when her name first flashed upon the great world of London as that of the author of 'Jane Eyre.'" Surely all the Brontës are very much read at present, and if anything there is a tendency among certain literary sets to run into the opposite extreme of over enthusiasm.

The manager of a New York theatre has been trying to tempt Capoul, the successful singer, to cross the "pond," but without success. Like all his race, however, this gentleman has not let himself be daunted by failure. Upon his offer being rejected by Capoul, he forthwith applied to a M. Cooper, well known at the Variétés for his truthful travesties of the famous singer, and he is now doing his best to seduce Cooper into an impersonation of Capoul. Such an enterprise once successfully carried out, we shall have our theatrical stars fulfilling engagements by proxy. Very convenient—Mr. Irving would soon become ubiquitary.

Paris is just now the scene of more suicides than any city in the world. Lately there have been no less than three cases a day. On Saturday eight persons attempted to destroy themselves, and these were of an age ranging from ten years to sixty.

The Théâtre Historique is to bring out a play by M. Jules Claretie as soon as the usual forms of authorisation can be got through. The piece is called *Les Patriotes de Quatre-Vingt-Douze*, and is a remodelled version of a work called *Raymond Lindey*, which was brought out some years back at the Menus-Plaisirs.

M. Legouvé's work *Médée*, now in preparation for the Comédie Française, has made so deep an impression upon Mlle. Sarah Bernhardt that this distinguished actress is already contemplating how she may best interpret the subject in marble for the Salon of next year.

There is to be a grand scenic drama shortly at the Théâtre du Chateau D'Eau based upon Alexandre Dumas' *Georges*. The enterprise is in the hands of M. Garand.

M. Ernest Dubreuil is, with the permission of M. Dumas Fils, at work upon a musical version of *Le Bâtard de Mauléon* by the elder Dumas. M. Puget is engaged to compose the music.

MM. Bocage and Hennequin, the successful *collaborateurs*, have a piece in store for the Variétés, which promises to be very amusing. It will be called *Le Bravo du Roi de Lahore dans la Boîte à Bibi*, and is, as the title indicates, a droll *mélange* of the more prominent of late Parisian plays, It will be performed simultaneously with *La Poudre d'Escampette* with which this theatre is to open in September.

The Report of the Paris Exhibition of next spring, drawn up by M. Krantz, seems to be in all respects satisfactory. The extensive buildings, both on the Champ de Mars and the Trocadéro, will be completed in ample time for the reception of the various goods destined for exhibition.

A volume of 'Poems, Lyrics, Songs, and Sonnets,' by Francis Bennoch, will be issued next week by Messrs. Hardwicke and Bogue.

A novel edited by Sir Garnet Wolseley, entitled 'Marley Castle,' will shortly be published by Messrs. Remington and Co. Various conjectures have been made as to its authorship. One seems the most likely and the most obvious.

MM. Calmann Levy, of Paris, have just published a new book by M. Ernest Renan, 'Les Evangiles,' whose object is to explain how the recognised Evangiles have been formed.

An expedition, headed by Lieutenant Wood of the United States army, and Professor Taylor of the University of Chicago, has started off for Alaska to ascertain the height of Mount St. Elias.

Dr. Schliemann is expected by the Americans to visit the United States shortly, but he will probably not make any such visit until the book he is writing, whose progress was considerably retarded by the many engagements consequent upon his London visit, is completed.

Mr. S. G. Pratt, an American composer and pianist, who has just returned from Germany, where he has been staying with Liszt, intends to produce some of his works at a private concert, to be given on Monday afternoon next at the residence of Mrs. Morell Mackenzie, 19, Harley Street. A hymn of his composition, for chorus and orchestra, written for the Centennial in Philadelphia, was performed on the occasion of General Grant's visit to the Crystal Palace. At his concert Mr. Pratt will be assisted by Mlles. Valleria and Rosavella, Miss Freeman, Mme. Antoinette Sterling, Signor Foli, and other artists of distinction.

NEW BOOKS AND NEW EDITIONS.

A'Beckett, Arthur.—Alley Baber and Son: a Mock Exchange Story. (Small 4to.) Bradbury, Agnew, and Co. 1*s.*

Austin, Alfred.—Leszko the Bastard: a Tale of Polish Grief. (Crown 8vo.) Chapman and Hall.

Black, William.—Lady Silverdale's Sweetheart, and Other Stories. (Crown 8vo.) Sampson Low and Co. 10*s.* 6*d.*

British Industries.—Horticulture. By F. W. Burbidge. (Small 8vo, pp. 288.) E. Stanford.

British Manufacturing Industries.—Edited by G. Phillips Bevan, F.G.S. (Fcp. 8vo, pp. 222.) E. Stanford. 3*s.* 6*d.*

Burdett, Henry C.—The Cottage Hospital. (Crown 8vo, pp. 272.) J. and D. Churchill.

Burroughs, John.—Birds and Poets. (Small 8vo, pp. 263.) Trübner and Co.)
Caviezel, M.—Tourist's Guide to the Upper Engadine. Translated by A. M. H. (Small 8vo, pp. 204.) E. Stanford.
Duffus-Hardy, Iza.—For the Old Love's Sake. (Crown 8vo.) A. H. Moxon.
Epochs of Modern History. The Beginning of the Middle Ages.—By R. W. Church, M.A. (Fcp. 8vo, pp. 216.) Longmans and Co. 2s. 6d.
Hullah, John, LL.D.—Music in the House. (Crown 8vo, pp. 79.) Macmillan and Co. 2s. 6d.
Manning, Cardinal.—The Independence of the Holy See. (Crown 8vo, pp. 154.) H. S. King and Co. 5s.
McCoan, J. C.—Egypt As It Is. (Demy 8vo, pp. 433.) Cassell and Co. 21s.
Out of School at Eton.—By some Present Etonians. (Fcp. 8vo, pp. 150.) Sampson Low and Co. 3s. 6d.
Redhouse's Turkish Vade Mecum. Trübner and Co.

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